

# COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XXII.—No. 573.

[REGISTERED AT THE  
G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28th, 1907.

[PRICE SIXPENCE,  
BY POST, 6½D.]



SPEAIGHT.

157, New Bond Street, W.

THE COUNTESS OF DALHOUSIE AND HER CHILDREN.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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## MODERN EDUCATION AND THE LABOURER.

VILLAGE life is not what it used to be. Old customs and ideas are fast dying out, and one must go, nowadays, many miles from the metropolis to find a spot where the rural population is still free from the restless, discontented spirit of modern times. When the first Board Schools were set up in our villages many people prophesied that they would bring about a great improvement in the condition of the people, physical, mental and moral. Others, with the conservative instinct of the true countryman, foretold speedy and complete deterioration. Neither set of prophets has been completely justified by results, but we cannot help thinking that the latter were nearer the mark. Farmers complain that they have much more difficulty in training lads for work on the land than in days gone by. The boys do not take so readily to agriculture nor show so much interest in it, their intelligence having been developed in other and less practical directions. Certainly, from the point of view of fitting a lad for earning his living in the country, our present system of education is useless. It does but tend to increase the influx of our rural population into the towns. As for courtesy, strength of character, or originality of thought, few people will maintain that the modern village youth exhibits any superiority in these respects over his father or grandfather. It is rather the other way. Anyone with a knowledge of village life extending over twenty, or even fifteen, years must frequently have been struck by the difference between the manners of the older peasants and those of their sons, a contrast greatly to the advantage of the former. Go into a field where an old labourer is clipping a hedge, ten to one he will touch his hat, greet you with a cheery "good-morning," and make some remark about the weather. He will be delighted to

enter into conversation with you on any topic within the limits of his understanding—limits not so narrow as one might think—and he will give you any information he can about the countryside. His manner is respectful, yet frank and easy. Old Hodge will rarely fail to open a gate for a lady if he should happen to be standing near when she wants to pass through.

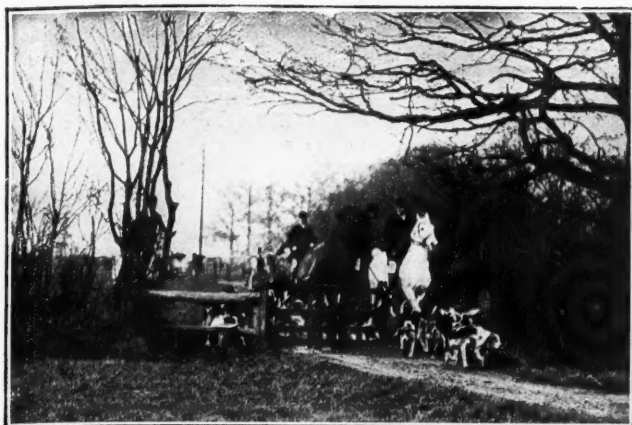
Go, on the other hand, into a field where a young labourer is at work. In all probability he will keep his head studiously turned away, and pretend not to see you; bid him "good-morning" and he will mutter a sulky "marnin'," still with his back turned towards you. Ask him a question, and he will very likely regard you with suspicion and give the shortest possible reply. He will seem to resent your presence and to be glad to see you go away. As for opening a gate for anyone, young Hodge would not deign to perform any such act of old-fashioned courtesy. This change for the worse in the manners of the rural population is, no doubt, due in large measure to increased contact with townsfolk and to the wave of Socialistic ideas that seems to be passing over the country. In large towns it is already the custom for the labouring classes to assert their independence by assuming a brusque, rather aggressive, demeanour in the presence of their employers, even when the latter treat them with all consideration and politeness; and this behaviour is rapidly spreading to the country districts. Still, with all allowance for the influence of political doctrines, one cannot help thinking that our system of education must be largely at fault if it does not exercise a better influence on the behaviour of the young. A boy acquires to-day a smattering of a number of subjects, fancies himself a very learned fellow and is inclined to look down upon his parents. In Buckinghamshire phrase, "He gets above himself." Hence his uncouth manners and unwillingness to show any sign of respect to others.

It is not only in manners and the little amenities of life that the elder country-folk have the advantage of their juniors. They seem also to possess more originality, greater powers of observation and certainly express themselves very much better than do the rising generation. This is partly, no doubt, because the beautiful language of the Bible is familiar to them and has to a large extent influenced their form of speech. Even if they cannot read the Scriptures for themselves they have heard portions read in church or chapel from their youth upward. The peasant of the younger generation, on the other hand, if he reads anything at all, peruses some "penny dreadful" or vulgar comic paper, while his sister revels in a trashy penny novelette. Such reading is worse than useless. It has a bad influence on ideas and speech, and tends to check the development of original observation and thought. Instead of the quaint Old English of their grandparents—purer far than that spoken even by the educated Londoner—the modern rustic in the Home Counties is beginning to speak a kind of Cockney and ape the manners and customs of the town-bred youth. He may win his father's admiration by the neatness of his handwriting and the rapidity with which he can make simple calculations; but it is far more interesting to talk to the older folk than to their sons and daughters. The elders' knowledge—limited as it is—is the result of personal observation; their remarks are often shrewd and quaintly humorous. To be sure, they sometimes call a spade a spade in a way that may give offence to the prudish and remind one of the conversation of the famous Canterbury Pilgrims; but surely humour of the broad Chaucerian kind is preferable to the blatant vulgarity of our halfpenny "comic" press? We have sometimes been surprised in visiting the homes of the more prosperous country people to find that many of the old folk possess, besides their treasured Bible, several books by really good authors. In some cases, no doubt, these are merely for show, having been picked up cheap at a local sale; in others they are old friends, well thumbed and known almost by heart. What a pleasure it is to visit some of these cottage people. There is a quiet dignity about them when they rise to welcome a visitor and dust an already spotless chair for him to sit upon; it is a great offence against etiquette to take a seat uninvited. As the passing generation of country-folk dies out it is to be feared that the gulf between rich and poor, employer and employed, will widen steadily, for the spirit of good-fellowship which now so often exists between the different classes of a village community is certainly tending to diminish.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Countess of Dalhousie with her children. The Countess is a daughter of the Earl of Ancaster, and her marriage to the Earl of Dalhousie took place in 1903.

\* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



## COUNTRY NOTES.

**F**EW will deny that the late Lord Kelvin thoroughly earned the honour that has been done his remains by placing them in Westminster Abbey, side by side with those whom we in Great Britain esteem to have been our greatest. In scientific achievement he made for himself a place distinct from that of any other worker in the same field. The names of Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Charles Darwin stand out as prominently in science as do those of Shakespeare and Chaucer in literature, and to say that Lord Kelvin's fame is likely to be in the future as great as any of them is the highest tribute that can be paid. He differed from the others chiefly in the fact that, while his mind was capable of formulating theories and speculations on the most abstruse subjects, he could also apply it to matters of minute practical interest. It has been said of him that he could take up any subject and grasp its utmost possibilities, so that on many subjects he has, possibly, said the final word. Withal, there was a fine precision in his thought, just as there was a fine precision in the best of the mechanism he invented; and in remembering his greatness it should never be forgotten that he possessed the homely, amiable, hospitable character that made him the most beloved of professors—one with the keenest eye to incipient talent and the utmost readiness to recognise and help it onward.

Like President Roosevelt, the German Emperor likes to make his cogitations and impressions public; and he has been telling some of his friends in Berlin what he thought of his English visit, with the inevitable result that his words find their way into a Reuter's message. On the whole we have reason to be pleased with his remarks. The Kaiser likes our system of housing working men in cottages better than the German one of cooping them up in flats. He is undoubtedly right in that, and the pity is that we in this country keep on building flats when cottages could be so easily put up. Moreover, even in remote country places where land is cheap and plentiful, people are allowed to build in rows, whereas every cottage might easily be surrounded by its own plot of ground. The Emperor William also pays a high tribute to the manner in which the London policemen manage the traffic, and here again he will find few to disagree with him.

Among the personages that come into existence with the New Year must be numbered the Public Trustee. This is in accordance with the Public Trustee Act, 1906. Mr. C. J. Stewart is to be the first holder of the office, and his staff are already at work at Clement's Inn. The object of the Act was to give the public means of guarding against the risks and inconveniences incidental to the employment of private persons in money matters. Obviously the latter may die, go abroad, or become incapacitated; but the Public Trustee cannot do any of these things, as when one individual vacates the office another will be put in his place. The functions which he may fulfil are those of the executor and trustee of a will, trustee or custodian-trustee of a settlement, administrator under a will or an intestacy, administrator of estates of small value, and investigator and auditor of trust accounts.

A link with the past is indeed broken by the death of Sir John Strachey. His name will ever be remembered in connection with India. He went out to Calcutta as long ago as 1842, just as he was emerging from his teens. After a distinguished career in administrative positions, he was, in 1868, called to the Governor-General's Council by Sir John Lawrence.

When Lord Mayo was assassinated in 1873 Sir John Strachey acted as Viceroy until the arrival of Lord Napier, who filled the position until Lord Northbrook was ready to take office. In 1874 he was knighted and succeeded Sir William Muir as Lieutenant-Governor of the North-Western Provinces. When Lord Lytton succeeded Lord Northbrook, Sir John succeeded Sir William Muir as Finance Minister. He left India at the close of 1880, and now, at the age of eighty-four, he has finished a career of the greatest usefulness to the country.

Cold water in considerable quantities has been poured by the emissaries of the Trades and Labour Congress of Canada on the aspirations of some working men in this country. Yet it is well that they should state the facts as clearly and definitely as possible. These are, in the main, that the Dominion resembles the Mother Country in so far that its industries are overcrowded with labour while its agriculture is undermanned. For this reason they discourage the emigration to Canada of those who are engaged in commercial pursuits. The only labour really wanted is that of men who are willing to work on the farms. Many thousands of acres are still uncultivated; and of those under cultivation a very considerable proportion suffers from scantiness of labour. In Canada, as elsewhere, the town has more attraction than the field. It is also stated that a great many people have gone to Canada who are unfitted for any work whatsoever, and our friends in the Dominion are not at all inclined to welcome the advent of the alien pauper in any considerable number.

### AT CHRISTMAS.

Kind thoughts be with all friends we may not meet:  
Kind words for those whom haply we may greet,  
Though hand and foot not the hand it fain would hold  
In swift warm clasp, whose comfort is complete.  
What though these wintry days are dark and cold!  
Where'er we be, the spirit may enfold  
Remembrance, hearing still the message sweet:  
Goodwill and Peace, as erst in days of old!

C. M. PAINE.

Evidently after January 1st there is going to be a good deal of stir about small holdings. The local authorities throughout the country have been very busy making enquiries, and the conversation of labourers and others on the look-out to be farmers on a small scale has been as to what particular bit of land they would like. They ought to be warned against disappointment. It may seem at the outset a very easy matter to divide large farms into small holdings, but as soon as the problem is tackled in earnest it will be found that the process involves a considerable amount of expenditure. *La petite culture* cannot be carried on without buildings of some kind or another; at any rate, cottages are needed, and sheds and other outbuildings will have to be put up in accordance with the kind of agriculture that is being pursued. Also, it will be necessary to divide the land by fences, and in many cases new roads will have to be laid down. It is to be hoped that all these things will be taken into consideration beforehand, as if land of the wrong kind be selected the outlay will only represent so much loss.

We hope that money in abundance will be found for the purpose of restoring the grave of Will Adams. He was a rover who rose out of the ordinary ranks at the time when Raleigh and Drake and Frobisher were scouring the Atlantic. Adams landed in Japan, and was, indeed, the first Englishman to visit that country. He seems to have been of a very adaptable character, for he soon became friends with the reigning Emperor, to whom he taught something of geometry and mathematics. He built ships for the Japanese, and whether it was on account of his usefulness in this respect, or because he did not like to part with strangers, the Emperor kept him in Japan till he died, and eventually he was buried near Yokosuka, in a tomb which now has fallen into ruins. The interest at present being taken in the tomb of Will Adams is largely due to the energetic action of Lord Redesdale, some of whose early days were spent in the Legation at Peking, and who has written several books about Japan.

In spite of the brilliant manner in which they played their preliminary matches, the English cricket players in Australia have had to submit to defeat in the first of the Test Matches. It is difficult to draw any conclusions of value from the playing conducted at so great a distance, despite the copious cablegrams that have been published in the daily papers. In the first innings, however, the match seemed to be fairly even, neither side managing to put together one of the gigantic scores with which we are so familiar. The conclusion of the second innings was delayed by rain, and this had been preceded by a heat wave that no doubt affected the Englishmen more than it



did the Australians. After such severe climatic changes the turf in this country would have been in a condition that would have rendered it very difficult for the best cricketers to score against bowling like that of Rhodes and Fielder, but in Australia the ground recovers very quickly. Hence no surprise need be felt at the loss of the match by two wickets. Probably enough, the best Australian team is at the moment better than that which we have sent over, but the first of the Test Matches cannot be accepted as conclusive. More than the usual element of luck enters into the game when the weather exhibits such vagaries.

It is scarcely worth while to protest against anything that is done in the cheaper section of the daily Press; but the growing practice of interviewing sportsmen and others who have either played a game, or gone through a crisis, threatens to injure the very spirit of a pastime. In the streets of London the other day there was exhibited a huge placard with a legend announcing that in a certain newspaper there was an article "How I," a hopelessly unpronounceable foreigner, defeated So-and-so, equally foreign and unpronounceable. A great golfer beats another golfer, and at the end of the game tells the interviewer how it was done. A man is charged with murder, and when the trial is over calmly gives the public his views on judge, jury and barristers. All this encourages notoriety where it ought rather to be subdued. After all, the best sportsman is he who plays a game and lets the public make the comments.

Few announcements of a minor kind are likely to give more pleasure to country visitors in London than the statement issued from the Home Office, that henceforth the scale of fares for horse taximeter cabs is to be fixed at 6d. a mile or 12min., and 3d. for an extra half-mile or 6min. It is not so much the lowering of the fare that will be welcomed as the avoidance of dispute. There is no pleasanter way of seeing London than by riding in a hansom cab, but the stranger unacquainted with fares and distances usually carries away with him a bad memory of extortion and abuse on the part of the driver. When the fare is shown automatically it ought to take away the most unpleasant feature connected with the use of a hansom in the metropolis.

Some recent terrific gales have wrought a havoc, both by sea and land, which is altogether lamentable; but it is possible to see that in one respect, at all events, they may have worked for good. They arrived just after, or in the midst of, an abnormal rainfall, or snowfall, which has produced floods in many parts of the country, and almost everywhere has left the ground more soaked, perhaps, than we have known it for many a year. The effect of the gale is very obvious in dragging and dashing about those parts of the trees which are above ground. What is happening below is not so apparent, but it is quite certain that a small proportion of the like disturbance is conveyed even to their roots by the tugging of their stems and branches as the wind seizes them; and this radical disturbance must have the effect of loosening the earth and making in it innumerable tiny channels by which the water can percolate down from the surface to the depths which are the reservoirs of the springs. The soaked soil was just in the right condition to take advantage of the opportunity, and we may trust that the secret springs have been receiving supply in full measure.

The signs continue to multiply which tell us what a very remarkable season we are having. It is nothing that in parts of the Highlands of Scotland corn may still be out, lying in stooks, or even uncut. That is a phenomenon—strange enough to England—which is not altogether unfamiliar in the colder parts of the North; but what are we to say of haymaking operations still in progress, though partly suspended by the rain, so far South as the neighbourhood of Edinburgh? True, it is a second crop, but still it is remarkable enough. Then in the South of England, in the middle of December, we have seen—the writer of these lines has seen with his own eyes—sparrows energetically at work constructing their nests. Yet the sparrow is not, as a rule, among the earliest of our nesting birds. The robin we expect to find with a nest long before the sparrow. It must not be thought that eggs are likely to be laid by these too sanguine birds, still less that a family will be clamouring for food at the time of the New Year when the soft food they want is impossible to find; but the facts, so far as they go, are sufficiently curious and abnormal. Even in the South of Scotland there is much corn still unharvested, occasionally even uncut.

Following a note in COUNTRY LIFE referring to the hardship which was being inflicted on the Esquimaux in Labrador by the killing off of the musk oxen by the whalers and others, a correspondent calls attention to the interesting despatch of reindeer to that country, in connection with the missionary work which is being conducted there under Dr. Grenfell's auspices. No less than 300 reindeer are at this moment on their way to Labrador on board the steamer Anita from Tromsø. They are in the charge of four families of Laplanders who have been engaged by

the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen for the special purposes of teaching the settler how to deal with the reindeer on arrival, to train them for sleigh work, and farm them successfully. We all learned in the schoolroom the value of the reindeer to the Laplander, for draught, for food, for clothing and various other uses. The climate of Labrador is, presumably, perfectly adapted to maintain the reindeer in health, and the enterprise of importing them is to be applauded as likely to prove of immense practical service.

There is an element of humour in the troubles of the Edinburgh School Board with its barefooted scholars. The children come to school barefoot, to the scandal (perhaps rightly so; but Scottish children, and some adult Scots also, prefer going barefoot) of the officials of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Now and then the authorities give a few of the children a pair of boots, out of charity, to come to school in, and the effect of this is that next day there are a great many more barefoot children than the day before, in the hope (or in their parents' hope) that more charity boots may be given out to them. And where have the boots gone? It is hard to get an answer to that question. But the whole situation reminds one of the old and perfectly true story of the Highland folk walking many a long mile to kirk, blithe and bare of foot, with their boots slung by the laces about their necks, putting them on only at the kirk door to make a fine clatter as they go up the aisle.

#### PORTOFINO.

A sky of golden fire,  
A sea, serene and still;  
Dark-drawn a cypress spire  
Above the violet hill.  
Vine leaves of trembling gold,  
Pale blooms of nespoli,  
Dim white mists that enfold  
The tranquil space of sea.  
The ships swim swiftly by—  
Dark ghosts with outspread wings,  
And over that wide sky  
Dawn her strange glory flings.  
Dawn, with your faint white tail  
Treading a silver sea,  
What valleys green made sweet  
Your path from Rimini?  
What cities have you filled  
With your glad light to-day?—  
What mountains did you gild  
Triumphant on your way?  
With trembling wings you came  
From that far blue sea-line,  
And touched the world to flame  
From Alp to Apennine.  
A sky of golden fire . . .  
Pale blooms of nespoli . . .  
Ah Land of Heart's Desire  
Beside a silver sea!

ISABEL CLARKE.

Some of the gamekeepers and other country people in Cornwall are ready to affirm with great confidence that there are two distinct species of squirrel in the county, the one as we know and admire him, and the other as we might, perhaps, admire him yet more if we did know him, with a silvery white tail. They also say that he is a little larger than the common kind. If it be suggested that the silver tail may be merely a sign of age, they are emphatic at once in declaring that there is much more in it than that, and that the two species are distinct. What they mean by this (not being sufficiently good Darwinians to hold any but the strictest views on the separation of species) seems to be that white-tailed squirrels will always mate with each other and have white-tailed babies. Probably, if the statement is to be accepted—it certainly requires a little more examination—the silver tails are what the classifying naturalists would call a "constant variety," no more.

There do not seem to be as many Bramble-finches as usual visiting us this winter. It may be that they are still to come. This little bird is, on a cursory view, so like the Chaffinches that it is often overlooked among them, and is probably much more common with us in winter than is generally thought. It has the habit of consorting with the Chaffinches and other birds, and sharing with them the beech-mast meal which is spread so plentifully under the branches of the beeches. It so happens, also, that just at this time of year the Chaffinches are of all sorts of plumage, the young males of the year in a subdued masculine dress which makes them resemble the females. It is also just about the same size as these others, and this is again another reason why the true Bramble-finch is apt to go undetected.



## WINTER IN TWO PLACES.



Ward Muir.

WHERE THE NORTH WIND BITES.

Copyright.

**O**BSERVERS have been struck recently with the number of people who choose to spend their winter holidays in some outlandish place by the sea, in spite of the fact that many of them possess country houses where the old fashion used to be to keep the season's festivities in traditional style. The problem they have to solve is how to get over the dullness of the evenings. In the country houses to which they have been accustomed, there are amusements which have been gathered together in the course of many generations, and the time passes merrily enough; but these are not available in the more confined spaces of lodge or cottage at the seaside. Yet there are ways even out of this difficulty. The present writer was extremely amused by proof that was afforded of it to him a few nights ago. He was travelling by an express, intent on spending a week-end where the marsh borders the sea in East Anglia. As it happened, there was only one other passenger in his compartment of the dining-car, a man who was hovering between elderliness and old age. After dinner the

narrator went on with a novel which interested him, and in which he was keen on seeing the *dénouement*. It might be supposed that the old gentleman, who appeared to be a well-known passenger, would have found the time irksome, as he carried neither book nor newspaper; but nothing of the kind happened. He took a pack of cards out of his pocket and began diligently dealing them, and playing a game with an interested and thoughtful expression on his countenance. In due time the novel was finished, and curiosity being aroused as to the pastime in which the fellow-passenger was engaged, a courteous question soon elicited the fact that he was engaged in bridge. Half apologetically he remarked, "One can learn a great deal by playing one's self, only it is very difficult to be impartial. I always spoil the game by taking a fancy to a particular 'hand,' and wishing that it may win." In the course of further conversation he told a great deal about his own history. He had made a fortune, or at least a competency, out of steel, and still required to go periodically to



F. Parkinson.

FROST ON A LINCOLNSHIRE WASH.

Copyright.



Ward Muir.

A SLOW THAW.

Copyright.

town in order to look into his monetary interests; but his pleasures lay all in the very district to which we were going. There, in his boyhood, he had learned to shoot wildfowl out of a pond, there he had ferreted rabbits among the dunes and, at the same time, had learned much about the ways of sea-fish and how to capture them. To-day his eyes were failing, and he found reading too hard an exercise for them, but found that he could play cards without becoming eyesore or tired. The incident suggested many ways of getting over the dullness of the long winter nights in the country. There are many games in addition to cards; and music and conversation are as easily come by there as they are

anywhere else. Between what we may call the natural pleasures obtainable at the seaside and those inland, in winter, there is no comparison. Unlike the lanes and the fields, the seabeach never becomes muddy. If the weather be fine you can walk upon it with as much pleasure in December as in August, and the weather itself is softer and pleasanter. The sea cools the atmosphere in summer and keeps it from becoming over-cold in the winter months. Snow falls but lightly, and it is indeed a hard frost that makes itself felt on the pools of sea-water. As for the marsh, it never is more exquisite than after a shower that whitens without actually covering it. Such bare trees as



Mrs. Delves Broughton.

"WATER STILLED AT EVEN."

Copyright.





Wará Muir.

AFTER A RAGING STORM.

Copyright

there are stand like gaunt old women with their backs to the wind that has bunched up in front their shawls and petticoats. The house with which we are most familiar is a cottage standing on a knoll that rises from the green marsh that has been well drained, as witness the long, straight, gloomy dykes and the numerous windmills incessantly pumping the water out of them.

piercing the earth; but the rest of the ground, if ever cultivated, has relapsed into a state of Nature, and in summer is green with the same bracken that flourishes on the sandhills close to the sea. It is an ideal place wherein to study natural history. No road passes, and only the dim outline of a track that once was can be seen leading to it, so that wild life is not subject to disturbances.



*J. C. S. Mummery.*

ONE OF NATURE'S PICTURES.

Copyright.

The old lady who, a couple of centuries ago, built the house planted round it for shelter a number of coniferous trees which, although stunted and distorted by the prevailing winds, still serve to break the force of the draught. Around this land—which is something between a wild, neglected wilderness and a garden—she built a dry stone wall, and under its shelter the green spear-points of crocuses and snowdrops are already

The gulls come wheeling about and uttering their roguish cries as they look out for any scraps of food that may become their lawful prey. Round about it at night the owls hoot as they beat the level marsh in search of the small beasts that they live upon. In early winter there are a great number of owls, apparently arrived from overseas, as they are picked up occasionally to the number of a dozen at a time from the sandhill bents, in which they have



apparently dropped exhausted after their long journey across the ocean. Rabbits in countless numbers inhabit both marsh and bank, and where they are you may be sure the stoat and the weasel often show themselves, the former frequently pursuing his murderous errand in open daylight and in the sight of all. And the wind comes up from the sea fresh with that touch of saltiness that seems more invigorating in sharp winter weather than in summer. Nor is it at all difficult, if one wishes for a change, to escape from "the dreadful hearing of the deep." Only a few miles inland are to be seen great stretches of water looking icy cold in the light of December. It is a curious fact that lakes, rivers and even ponds inspire during winter a chilly repulsion which one never feels beside the sea. Yet it would be useless to deny that an inland landscape in winter has peculiar and beautiful charms of its own. Nature is a consummate artist, and she has no materials at her disposal that she can employ with more charming effect than ice and snow—

lending colour contrast and the sparkle of diamonds to whatever they touch. The trees with the snow clinging to their twigs and boughs; the grass, each stalk of which becomes an erect, pointed spear; the woodlands and meadows and hills all clothed in that indefinable grey which is produced when snow half hides and half conceals that which it falls upon, give a delight and rest to the eye equal to anything that summer can produce. A farm homestead half-covered with snow is almost as engaging as it is when the roses are blowing all over the porch. Particularly is this so when the roof is of thatch, as the white outside seems actually to suggest the comfort and warmth within. If the light of a ruddy fire be twinkling in the window, at the hour when the glimmering light is being overtaken by the shadows of evening, so much the better. It fills the mind with images such as the old artists used to paint of happy childhood and cosy hearth, and old gaffers and gammers talking of the much superior days of their youth.

## IN CASA PAGET.

(A Retrospect. In Memoriam Eugène Lee-Hamilton.)

By MADAME DUCLAUX.

IT is seven-and-twenty years since I first crossed the doors of Casa Paget, established then on the ground-floor which forms the northern corner of the Via Garibaldi and the Via Solferino in Florence. It looked on the canalised Mugnone, which, I believe, has since been arched over and planted as a garden. The Arno was within a stone's throw to the south, and the trees of the Cascine rustled at the end of the little street. Although it is so long ago, the thinnest of veils divides me from that September afternoon in 1880. I can see the cool north light of the lofty Florentine room, and, behind the crimson satin hangings, the high, tall windows, opening almost on the eye-line, in their deep recesses; I can see the shining floor of polished scagliola, a sort of rough marble mosaic, and the dark, much-carven chairs and tables, so different from the satinwood eighteenth century furniture at home; the roses in quaint old painted pots; the wood-box, like a stall in church; the screen—all the details which made up a picture at first so foreign, but soon to appear so familiar to my eyes. This was the background; in front sat a girl a few months older than myself, about three-and-twenty. She had soft blonde hair, benignant grey-green eyes, which gleamed through a pair of huge, round, eighteenth century goggles; I can see the long column of her throat, the humorous, delicate, irregular features which made up such an eloquent and eager face; and especially I see the slender hands, with their fragile *retroussé* fingers issuing from the starched cuffs of her tailor-gown. She looked at once audacious, refined, argumentative and shy. This young lady was Miss Paget (Vernon Lee); she was then publishing the first of those brilliant essays and enquiries in which she loves to track, through all their devious currents and sudden disappearance underground, the secret founts and unsuspected sources of our æsthetic pleasure. I had never met anyone so eloquent. She might have been talking with Diderot or Voltaire. But she was merely dazzling me, with her discursive and picturesque improvisations, when suddenly there was a thrusting open of double doors, a screaming of the scagliola floor, and the Florentine man-servant pushed in a flat wheeled couch—or rather, let me say, a bier, for so it seemed, on which was laid the figure of a man. A leather pillow slightly raised the head, throwing into relief the delicate temples, neat small features (sometimes so pale, sometimes suffused with a rosy flush), and the blue eyes which fixed you with a bright enquiring keenness. A thick rug concealed the figure, which appeared slight and small. With his bald high forehead, his look of gladness and pain, I thought the suffering man looked like a monk, and at the same time I thought he must have been (oh, ever so long ago—he was nearly five-and-thirty) a pretty little lad. This was Eugène Lee-Hamilton, Miss Paget's half-brother. His greeting was full of a fresh alacrity. He had charming manners, which seemed to ask one's sympathy and then, half ashamed, to laugh it away with a brave and tender mockery that went to the heart. After a few words about his peculiar disease ("of a vaso-motor kind," he said), Mr. Lee-Hamilton began to speak of Italy and public affairs. It was characteristic of him to fly from the particular to the general, and as natural in him as for a bird to fly towards the light. If he quarrelled with you (and he often quarrelled with you, being of a gay and choleric temper), you felt that it was not with a person that he quarrelled, but a principle, a false principle, that he was determined to demolish; and, fierce as he was, he did not offend. Did he ever see us as we are, in all the private and intimate complexity of our natures? Sometimes I thought that, when he liked us best, he looked at us as we gaze on the shining transparency of a pane of glass, through which we see the vaster brilliance of the sunshine. The glass was nothing to him; the sun was all. And his sun was justice.

The Pagets' hospitality soon transformed me from a caller to a guest, and in subsequent years I spent many a season—two or three months at a time—beneath their kindly roof. Mr. Lee-Hamilton and his half-sister did not live alone, though to the casual guest they appeared unescorted by any sheltering elders. There was Mr. Paget, whom, indeed, we seldom saw. When he honoured us with an hour I thought him a charming person—a slim, spare Englishman, who looked like a Russian (he had passed his childhood and youth in Poland or Russia), with fine black hair, like dusky plumes, falling straight back from a flat white brow; he had thin features, and fierce light blue eyes. A great hunter, sportsman, walker, Mr. Paget was always out of doors; but when he deigned to enter the drawing-room there was no end to his long amusing stories, his tales of hair-breadth escapes by flood and field, his somewhat incongruous and bantering compliments, and he left us protesting that he should have still more to say on the morrow. Then weeks would pass and we would see no more of him, only hearing his voice in the hall where (every evening after dinner) he came to take his wife for a walk.

How shall I describe Mrs. Paget? I often think of her still with a yearning tenderness, a regret that she never perhaps understood the deep affection I felt for her. She looked quite old—not middle-aged or elderly—but bent and old, with bowed shoulders and frail distorted fingers. She was one of the dearest and most delightful persons I have ever met—a fragile, dauntless little being, with light soft hair like raw silk (all blonde and silver, curling about her ears), and pale sweet eyes. But, though so gentle, so sensitive, she was all spirit and decision; wherever that household went she led the way. The sweetness in her was tempered by something aromatic, pungent, even bitter, as if uncounted disenchantments, mingling with the kindest disposition, had left her inclined at once to expect the worst and believe the best of human nature. With her tremulous sensibility, her dominating will, her generous benevolence (and her sense that the benefited should keep their proper place and not presume), she was like some amiable woman of the eighteenth century—some friend of Buffon's or patroness of Rousseau's—some gifted contemporary of "Rasselas" or Young's "Night Thoughts" (one could never think of her as wholly French or wholly English—"she came from Cosmopolis"). Sometimes as I lie half awake little phrases of hers float up into my mind, and I smile at their shy yet imperious benevolence. She was full of sensibility and a sort of impersonal mercifulness, which she poured out abundantly over ill-used animals, oppressed races and people in pain. I never knew anyone with a greater thirst for ideas or, rather, notions. Even out of doors she was constantly reading. I suppose she was full of fads, but they adorned the solid excellence of her mind, like fringes on a garment. She was proud of Violet; she worshipped Eugène; and need I say with what absolute and almost despotic oblation she sacrificed her life to his?

Life was regularity itself in Casa Paget, but it was not other people's regularity. There was choice and freedom in its custom; it was the self-chosen rule of a house of religious—not that tyrannous centripetal force which makes families assemble at prayers and dress for dinner (whether they will or no) because other people do so. There were no family meals in Casa Paget, but feasts of reason and flows of soul. At noon and at night we gathered round the board (save Mr. Paget, miles away on the Colli, snatching a meal in the intervals of a tramp); but Eugène, on his bier in the corner, ate nothing, and was there to conduct the orchestra, so to speak, and lead the conversation; Mrs. Paget trifled with oddments, but I fancy she had dined in a nutshell elsewhere; she was the freer to deal with opinions, theories, ideas, constantly vibrating with bitter-sweet tenderness and

fairly-like indignation. Vernon and I did the dining, and a fair share of the talking as well, while Mrs. Paget supplied our material wants, suggesting sometimes unusual blends and savoury combinations from the excellent repast before us. At this point Eugène would infallibly protest: "Mamma, mamma, let us be normal!" And I would implore, no less earnestly, "Oh, why, Eugène, when it's so much nicer, *not*?" There was certainly no more delightful house to stay in than Casa Paget. From early dawn to dewy eve, we appeared to exist merely in order to communicate to each other our ideas about things in general. Even in the morning there was no more pressing business. A little after ten the carriage was at the door; it was a clumsy-looking long landau, so constructed that it could receive the plank bed of Eugène, placed slant-wise from front to back. Mrs. Paget sat beside him; Vernon or I opposite; and the eliminated one would climb to the box-seat near Beppo, the sententious Tuscan coachman. I think that I shall never forget those morning drives in all the lanes and mountain roads round Florence; by the banks of the small Africa, where there are winding pathways and combs as green as in the North of Europe; on the river-side road beyond the Cascine, where we girls would fill our arms with bundles of forget-me-not and reeds, boughs of spindle-wood, bunches of grape-hyacinth and all the humble trumpery of the woods; or that cypress spinney above Vincigliata, honey-sweet with the yellowish blossoms of the heliobore or wild Christmas rose; or the little farms near Bellosguardo, where for a few soldi the peasants let us pluck anemones to our heart's content, and Bengal roses or crumpled iris, but not the violets and jonquils they sow for market in the hollow orchard trunks. And all the while down in the valley sparkled Florence, a smoke of blue olives, a vision of towers. . . . After the drives, Mr. Hamilton loved the visits which came at five o'clock. I learned in Casa Paget the diversity of human nature. How many men and women, of how many types, characters and nationalities! There was dear Miss Duffy, the Irish doctor's daughter, so witty, with her beautiful melancholy brows and eyes; the two Villaris, young Placci and the Russian, Peter Boutourline, full of youth, literature and fun; the humanitarian Papafava; Jimenez, the Spanish diplomatist; Musurus-Bey (we read Sophocles together); Nencione, the critic, with his Franciscan mind, spouting Shelley:

I bring-é fresh showers-é  
For ze zersteng-é flowers-é

exquisitely sensitive to the beauty of the martyred verse—there was Mr. Benn the philosopher, Ouida, Barzellotti, Paul Bourget, Princess Gortchakoff—I think that Casa Paget must have been a "Salon"!

People came, attracted by the brilliance of the daughter of the house, Vernon Lee (whose young fame was the delight and glory of her brother); but, if they were allowed to filter through into poor Eugène's reserved and guarded den, they would return no less impressed by that enigmatic invalid, whom an apparent paralysis left so alert of brain, so clear-cut in utterance, as though, here, at least, mind and body were casual neighbours, not relations or identities. Mr. Hamilton had not always lain on that couch of suffering. Recalling the past, I piece together many a scrap of interrupted reminiscence and reconstruct his melancholy tale. His aim in life had been to succeed in the diplomatic service, which he entered in 1869 on leaving Oxford. After six months' work at the Foreign Office he was attached to the British Embassy in Paris. He spoke French as well as English (his childhood had been passed in France and Germany), and when the war broke out his knowledge of French and German led to more work and more importance than usually falls to the share of a young attaché. He accompanied Lord Lyons to Tours, Bordeaux and Versailles. In 1873 he was appointed to Lisbon under Sir Charles Murray. It was there that his health broke down; his career appeared to be wrecked by a cerebro-spinal disease. Looking all the facts in the face (including his ultimate recovery), I imagine that Eugène Lee-Hamilton was a precursor in that dark and haunted Via Dolorosa (which had as yet no special name in medical science) neurasthenia. Like Mrs. Browning, he suffered from a malady none the less distressing and painful because it was functional rather than organic. But this, of course, is not at all how he used to tell the story, which fell from him in morsels, in the intervals of more theoretic discourse. He was, I think, more preoccupied with his mental change than with his bodily symptoms. He used to paint for me the ordinary amiable young man of the world that he had been when this terrible stroke reduced him to an eternal isolation.

"I was just the usual attaché—perhaps ever so little dreamier, more sensitive, but who can say? We never really know how sensitive other people are! I was ambitious, it is true; but ambition does not cultivate the inner man; on the contrary. And then, suddenly, I found myself on the shelf, in silence, alone, unable to bear the sound of a voice, the sight of the day, the smallest movement—and aware that this condition knows of no recovery. What else was there left to me save my own thoughts? What else could I do except become intelligent? All the many interests and aims of life withdrew, retreated,

like a retiring wave, and left me high, dry and stark on my sandbank, the jetsam of Fate. It was the first time that I had ever considered the tide that bore me. We don't see things until we are well outside them. But when you're just a jetsam—why then you discover the full magnificence of the flood. Perhaps, too, there's a sort of connection between physical disability and specialised intelligence. Think of all the work that's been done in the world by infirm people and invalids! We'll let Homer slide; but look at Milton, Beethoven, Heine, Leopardi, Keats, Darwin, Mrs. Browning. There's a sort of horrible charm and disastrous leisure in suffering. It's morbid, it's awful, but it isn't vulgar. It isolates you from the small cares and worries of life, sets you thinking, shows you things *sub specie aternitatis*. Now, because I've quoted these great names, don't suppose I think myself a great artist. I know very well what a very small person I am; only, but for my illness, I should never have existed at all as an artist. It was that which set me discovering Life. I daresay Latude in his prison, Saint Simeon on his column, Alexander Selkirk on his island were wonderfully sensitive sort of folk after they had been alone some years. And yet, ah God, what would I give to wake up and find myself a young attaché, in good health, with all my chances before me."

Oh who will give me, chained to Memory's strand,  
A drop of Lethe, salt with primal tears

Were it one drop within the hollow hand?

Oh who will rid me of the wasted years,  
The thought of Life's fair structure vainly plann'd,  
And each false hope that mocking reappears?

Something in this wise, though never all of a piece, in one long monologue, nor quoting his own verses, would Eugène complain of the treachery of Fate, and yet accept its lesson. That life, as we know, was not to be so wasted as we all imagined. Deprived of his old energies, he was to invent a new form of activity. What does it matter what we do, so long as we do it well? "Who sweeps a room as to God's praise." And, not to fear the greatest example, was not the poet of "Paradise Lost" infinitely more indispensable to his fellows than Cromwell's secretary?

Some years before I went to stay in Casa Paget Eugène had published a volume of verse, "Poems and Transcripts," youthful productions, revised and amplified. But these were merely a relic of the past; for, during those first æons of his collapse, poor Eugène had no activities to spend: Time swept over him with a blank, black wing, leaving him swooning in the gulf. Little by little the repose, the isolation, his mother's care, his sister's company repaired the nervous waste. Probably, towards 1880, Eugène was already on the high road to that ultimate renewal which he found out with surprise in 1894. With the facile resignation of the nervous invalid, he had acquiesced from the first in his eternal *pace*, and, even while cursing it, succumbed to the full rigour of his destiny. Life returning began once more to fill the prostrate form, the unoccupied brain, and, finding no outlet, spent its energy in creating a talent. Eugène became a poet (as some plants, according to de Vries, transform their organs) by a brusque mutation—a sort of leap in the dark—the vital impulse breaking out in a new place, instead of continuing to evolve in the normal manner. His energy, the amount of his production, the value of the result are witnesses to the force of that impulse; he wrote many fine sonnets between 1880 and 1894; when, seeing recovered health before him, the Muse, jealous of Life, laid one uplifted finger on her lips and left him. But not for ever; nothing in his work is so haunting, and yet so human, as that last sequence, "Mimma Bella," which still lingers in our ears.

We were always writing in corners, Violet and I. She at a carved table on large vellum-like sheets; I huddled in a shawl on the chimney step, my inkpot neighbouring the firelogs, a blotting-pad upon my knee. I cannot say we wrote in solemn silence. Impressions, forecasts, reminiscences, quotations from Michelet or Matarazzo, subjects for ballads, problems for essays, æsthetic debates and moral discussions would burst forth, in the midst of our occupations, from the couch in the corner, from the writing-table, or (much more rarely) from the warm seclusion of the chimney step. We were so young, Violet and I—more than a dozen years younger than Eugène—we had mixed so little with life, that he fell naturally enough into the position of our guide, philosopher and friend. And he, too, began to write, as a natural means of expression. A ballad is a companion for the wingless hours, and in the valley of the shadow a silent sonnet may be a *vade mecum*. When Eugène put his own heart, his real experience, into these literary exercises he showed himself a true, an original poet. Only too often, in a natural revulsion against the monotony of his sequestered days, he gave play to a certain nightmare-sense that oppressed him, which I always thought a symptom of his malady: a love of the atrocious, the appalling. In this mood, there is in his talent something metallic, harsh and strident which cannot charm. Imagine a Baudelaire, a Poe, without their vice—but without their beauty.

The real poems are those which he composed, not as a task, an effort, but as a pastime, because the nights were so long, and the



wet afternoons so wearisome in winter, when no visitors called (while the pain in his head forbade all hope of being read to) and no sound was heard save the spitting of the logs, the drip of the rain, the squeak of Vernon's quill, the rustle of my page. And the poor poet would heave an exasperated sigh: "What a hive! I am sure they might carve on *this* blessed house: *Qui vissono e scrivono!* Oh for a wild, wild cab at the tame, tame door!" The weariness of these wasted afternoons was then transformed by the beautiful Alchemy of Art, into the haunting sorrow of certain sonnets. They are nearly always concerned, these sonnets, with prisons and with prisoners: Latude, piping to the rats for pastime, in his dungeon of the Bastille; Selkirk, on his island, wondering if the world beyond be a delirious fancy of his dreaming brain; Galileo, shut off from ordinary life with, in his mind, the secret science of an order no man understands; Lady Jane Grey, transformed from a gentle girl into a martyr, by the touch of sorrow; Arabella Stuart, mournfully remembering the

gardens she shall wander in no more; all these, and many, many others, repeat the tale

Of earth, of woe, and of captivity.

And we feel what an eternal prisoner is their spokesman, is poor Eugène. Had any fairy then appeared in the twilight, on the hearth, scattering the sparks and shedding radiance through the darkness; if she had shown him then, with a wave of her wand, the things life held in store for him—recovered health, a measure of fame, travel, a life of ease and pleasure, love, marriage, fatherhood—with what despairing unbelief the poet would have bade her cease her mockery! For in his poems of restless captives one name is omitted. He forgot the fate of Peter. He could not foresee that a light should shine at last in the prison and the chains fall from his hands; that the gates should burst open and a voice cry, "Arise! go forth quickly!" while he, bewildered, should stand a while astounded, "for he wist not if it was true which was done by an angel, and thought he saw a vision."

## CAPTAIN FORESTER'S HUNTERS.

A FAMOUS huntsman who had handled hounds and ridden up to them both in the Quorn and Belvoir countries, used to say that the Quorn was rather the easier of the two to cross. But there is, in reality, very little variation in the type of horse required for the three countries which are reached from Melton. The chief difference between the Quorn and the Belvoir, for example, lies in the fact that the latter has larger ditches, and more of them, while, on the other hand, the Quorn blackthorns are stronger and more carefully cut and laid. Of course, these are only general differences. In some respects, however, the Quorn country has altered since the days of Nimrod and his friends. The oxer, if it has not entirely disappeared, has become less formidable. Where the rail formerly protected the fence or the ditch, now a strand of wire (removed, as a rule, in the hunting season) is stretched along the posts. Then the bullfinch is almost a thing of the past. The original purpose of this fence was to supply fuel, and each fence was cut down from time to time for that purpose; but coal fires have made this unnecessary, and the bullfinch is rapidly disappearing. Some still remain, of course, and the late Tom Firr was very clever at

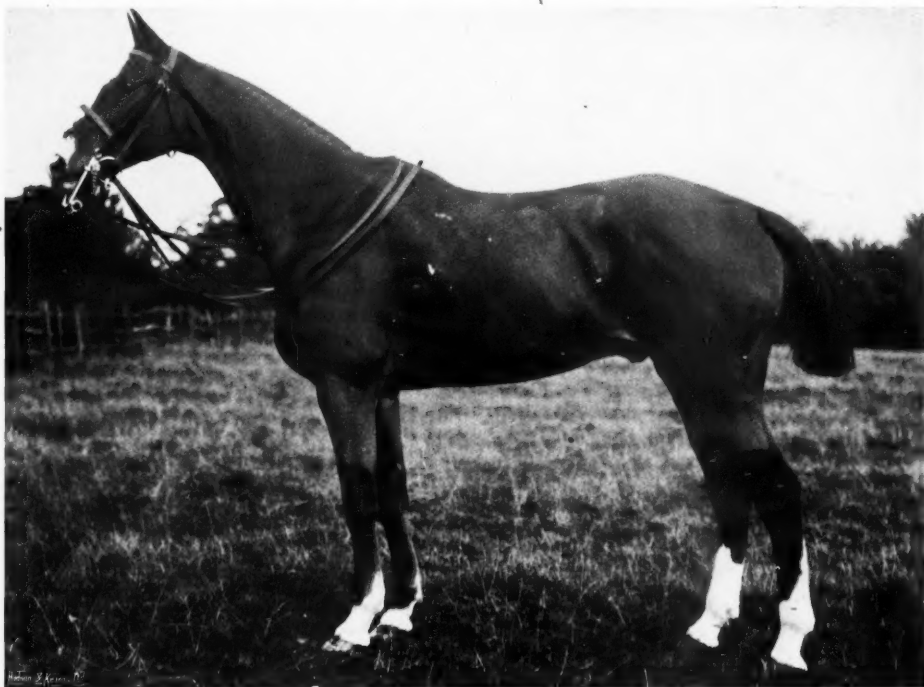


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WHITELEGS: A GREAT FAVOURITE.

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boring his way through them. It was the bullfinch that gave the advantage to heavy men and big horses in the shires; an advantage which is not now so noticeable as it was once. The Quorn Hunt, however, has always in its best country, that of Monday, Friday and the Thursday bye-days, required a fast and a bold hunter. A horse as nearly thorough-bred as possible, provided it has sufficient power, has always been the one desired by hard riders. Indeed, this is common to all grass countries—that no underbred horse can cross them with pleasure and safety to the rider; and Sir Harry Goodricke, an old-time Master of the Quorn, used always to declare that he would never buy a horse whose sire was not thorough-bred. Yet if we set ourselves to describe the right type of horse for Leicestershire we shall, if we search the records of the past, be involved in infinite confusion. So many and so various are the sorts and sizes of horses that have carried their owners well over the Quorn, the Cottesmore and the Belvoir countries. An old writer has remarked that the descendants of Derby winners have also shown an aptitude for crossing a country. This is true certainly of Mundig, of Hermit and, I think, too, of the descendants of Stockwell. At all events, it is no small point in a hunter's favour



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BARNETBY (STOCKWELL TYPE).

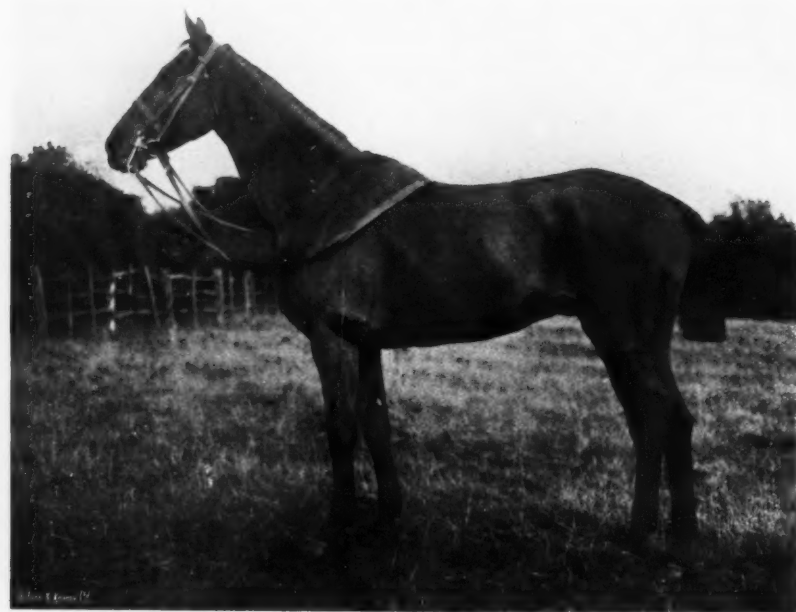
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to have the blood of Turf winners in his veins. I think, too, that in spite of the fact that some small horses have distinguished themselves over the shires, most people prefer the bigger ones. Certainly Alken always painted his men on big horses that were nearly, if not quite, thorough-bred. Of course, we do not forget the Cannon Balls, which ran from 15h. 2in. to 15h. 3in., or Linner, Sir H. Goodricke's favourite, only 15h. 3in. But these were exceptions, and more people to-day prefer a horse rather over than under 16h., if only because the fences look smaller from his back. It is evident, too, that though some three-cornered ones have gone well over a country—and I remember Frank Gillard riding a very plain horse—yet that make and shape do count for a great deal. The saying that "they go in all shapes" has just enough truth in it to make it suitable for the consolation of a friend who has bought a three-cornered one, but not enough to make us careless in these matters for ourselves. The best stud at Quorn in the past was probably that of Sir Richard Sutton, which consisted of big thoroughbred horses. Sir Richard, they say, never was so happy as when on the back of his 17h. chestnut Hotspur. But Captain Forester's horses will hold a high place in future records. That a Master mount himself and his men well is necessary to first-rate sport everywhere, but in Leicestershire it is indispensable. A huntsman in Leicestershire ought to be near hounds; nearer, perhaps, than would be needful elsewhere. The difference between a good run and a poor one is often made when the huntsman anticipates and saves a check, sometimes by swinging hounds, without pausing, to the right or left, or more often by holding them straight on. There are at times gaps in the line of scent, and these come perhaps oftener on grass than on plough. If with an eager crowd thundering behind the hunt-man can hold his hounds to the line, the run is saved. And if not only the huntsman is there at critical moments, but the Master to hold up his hand to check the crowd, sport, in spite of bad hunting days now and then, is, in the long run, sure to be good. We have already in these pages shown the horses of several famous packs, and if the above is true, as it undoubtedly is, we shall see plainly why it is that sport is so good in the Melton district just now. Never in the recollection of many have the Hunt horses been of such quality. It is not every man who can retain his nerve over Leicestershire even on good horses, but bad horses will break down most men in three or four seasons. The present Quorn horses are just fitted for their work, both by their looks and their pedigrees. The handsomest horse of those we have before us is Barnetby, and the photograph is perfect. If enlarged one might use it as an illustration for a lecture on the points of the hunter. I have studied it closely to find a fault and, unless the horse is the least bit loaded at the point of the shoulder, can find none. A handsome, intelligent head carried exactly right (and this means a great deal in a hunter), a graceful neck set on to a shoulder the real beauty of which could only be seen if we were on his back. No man can dogmatise about a shoulder except from the saddle. The fore legs are, in every respect, models. The horse is deep through the heart, well ribbed up, yet with freedom behind the saddle. Then there are the big, powerful quarters, and that length from hip to hock which in horse or hound tells of speed. Barnetby is by Whitehall out of Rose Knot, and thus has Turf performance in his pedigree. He stands over a great deal of ground without being long in the back. The next horse to be noted is of a different type, but on showing the photographs to a well-known hard rider this was the one he picked out, and we know Whitelegs is a great favourite with his owner. He is a chestnut by Peterhoff, dam by Cape Flyaway, just one of those hunters combining blood and power which we dream of, but too seldom meet with. With a kind, sensible, generous head and immense bone, he is the sort of horse which, when a man mounts, he knows that he can meet any fences and ride any run with confidence.

Nonsuch and Tranby are horses of similar type. Each has that wiry, springy make which, when turf is sound, gives the sensation of flying from field to field, or when the ground is wet never seems to tire. Tranby is by Tranby Croft out of Red Riding



Hood, and Nonsuch by Homing out of Barbrook. The chestnut mare Ruby is by Ruddigore, a notable hunter stallion of our day, both in the show-ring, where his stock have won many prizes, and in the field, where they have generally gone well. This mare has, in common with most hunters so bred, an admirable forehead. Purefoy is own brother to Whitelegs and a horse of much the same stamp, with four of the very best legs to be seen on a hunter. Phoenix is a brown horse by Royal Meath, and, as his quarters tell, out of an Irish mare. Those who saw that fine hunter sire when in his best days he stood at Clonsilla, near Dublin, will recognise in his son the look of commanding power and the fine forehead that characterised the sire.

The present Master of the Quorn is not only a good judge of hounds and horses, but of racing and chasing. He can hunt a pack of hounds as well as any amateur; quick, resolute and always with hounds, he has also in his soldier days ridden between the flags, and of his love for both of these Topthorne II., by Dunvegan, a runner in the National Hunt Steeplechases, is a sign. It once fell to the lot of the present writer to ride an ex-steeplechaser, trained and schooled by Arthur Nightingall, for twenty glorious minutes with the Quorn, and the smooth, sweeping action over the fences, the quickness away on the far side, made the ride a joy to be remembered. We never seemed to be going fast, yet without an apparent effort the country was crossed. Such a ride Topthorne II. would no doubt give; but the steeplechase horse is sometimes apt to ask for a great deal of room to turn in, and likes, naturally enough, to take his fences at speed.

There is one quality no photograph can depict, but which each of these horses must possess, or he would not be where he is. All the make and shape, the fine shoulders, the sloping pasterns—these I put very high among a hunter's qualifications for a grass country—and the powerful, lengthy quarters go for nothing without courage. A horse must respond to the resolution of his rider to face the fences and to spread himself over his ditches. The niggling clever hunter that always seems to jump short and cuts things very fine may do well in the provinces; he will turn even a brave man's hair grey in the shires. X.

## ON THE YORKSHIRE MUDFLATS.

THE great range of white cliff which guards the Yorkshire Coast falls away to the south. Then follows a bold sweep of sandy bay, with low, diluvial hills terminating in the Spit of Spurn, which points like an outstretched finger far into the North Sea. This isthmus, in some places barely a few yards wide, and kept intact only by constant labour, bars the sea from breaking in upon the channel of the Humber, across the dull waters of which the Lincolnshire shores are dimly visible. As the tide recedes vast stretches of mud are laid bare, and here in the winter months numbers of waders assemble, finding a never-failing supply of food on the oozy wilderness. For the naturalist Spurn Point offers attractions second to none in the kingdom. It is the first resting-place of the many migrants which set out from the Norway littoral, and here in many unusual visitors to Great Britain have been, from time to time, noted, including MacQueen's bustard, the rustic hunting and the blue-throat. Here, too, in mid-October come the woodcock, generally preceded by the short-eared owl and golden-crested wrens, dropping mysteriously from the clouds and, too weary to fly further, hiding beneath the tangle of tall reeds and marram grass which covers the narrow line of the sandhills. But it is with the great clan of waders, chiefly migrant, that the main interest lies. Day by day as the winter draws nearer newcomers appear. The dunlin are constantly present, running hither and thither as they seek their imperceptible food, the hindmost flitting over the heads of their fellows to take a place in the front ranks, or, again, rising suddenly altogether and sweeping in a dim, grey mass across the flat, now invisible as their colours merge into the dull background, now flashing suddenly into silver as they



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W. A. Rouch. TOPTHORNE II.: STEEPLECHASER AND HUNTER.

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turn and expose their snowy breasts to the sunlight. Watching these flocks, morning by morning, in the early autumn, new bird figures may be made out which have come in the night. To-day, two birds stand out conspicuously amid the smaller dunlin; the curlew-like shape, long legs and curved bills show them to be whimbrel already returning from their breeding-ground in the far North. They stay but a little while; they have, indeed, alighted merely to rest and feed when most of their kind have gone forward, the low whistling notes alone marking their passage as they went by in the night. Later a small group of new arrivals attract the attention. They appear to keep together, holding themselves somewhat aloof from the flocks of dunlin, which they closely resemble. Indeed, they might readily be mistaken for dunlin were it not that their bills are seen to be distinctly curved. These little birds—curlew-sandpipers—although by no means uncommon on migration, have been for long surrounded by an atmosphere of mystery. Notwithstanding the constant efforts made by adventurous naturalists, their nesting centres remained for many years unknown. Expeditions searched the desolate wastes within the Arctic Circle, following every clue, now noting a bird in full breeding plumage in the distance, now finding on dissection of some specimen a partly-developed egg. Ornithologists of a nationality vied with one another to discover the secret. It was reserved, however, for a member of the British Ornithologists' Union, searching the *tundras* at the mouth of one of the great Arctic rivers, finally to unravel the mystery, and at length a full clutch of eggs of *Tringa*

subarquata, together with the parent birds, were exhibited. So, one by one the secrets of Nature are given up, the eggs of the knot, another migrant which constantly visits the flats in autumn, alone of the wader clan, remaining undiscovered. On the Humber flats, too, a tiny bird may be occasionally seen. It is redder in hue than the dunlin with which it congregates, but its smaller size alone at once sets it apart. This bird—the little stint—also finds its breeding range in the far Northland, and the first discovery of its nest by Messrs. Seebohm and Harvie-Brown forms one of the romances of natural history. Sometimes amid the dunlin, a bird of more silvery plumage may be noted, the sanderling, and also the larger form of the bar-tailed godwit, a bird which derives its name from the transverse brown bars seen against the white tail feathers as it flies. Then again, with the first grip of winter, when the pools are crusted with thin ice, and the more exposed portions of the flats are ridged and hardened by the frost, come the wild geese. To my mind, no birds complete the wintry picture so perfectly. The early night is closing in. Far to the right, behind the sandbanks, the desolate fields lie in the fading light, the line of the fences marked by a frosty whiteness. The blank wastes of mud stretching to the dun waters of the Humber lie featureless in the gloom. Then, borne on the wind, comes the clanging cry. In ordered form, with necks outstretched, the great line goes by. One can hear the heavy beating of the wings. For a long distance the eye follows them, resting upon them eagerly till the last wavering shadow merges into the grey of the sky.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF OUR GLEN.

A NINE-MILE drive up hill and down dale, round the sharpest of corners, beside the overhanging banks of steep precipices and through burns heavily studded with large stones, scarcely appeals to the ordinary traveller; but to those who know every stick and stone

of the way, the view that each turn in the road will present, who care more for scenery than for comfort, and who will risk much for a warm welcome and the chance of good sport, those nine miles seem but short. Whether the moor is purple with heather, or the silver birch trees show their scented green leaves, and the distant hills are an intense blue, or whether the former tints have changed to gold and brown and the hills are capped with snow, it needs but a gleam of sunshine to awaken the artistic instinct and instil an indefinable sense of charm. After a fourteen-mile drive, a fresh carriage and pair starts from the highest village in Scotland and trots gaily down to the green gate forming an entrance to Our Glen. The memory is yet with me of the day when our driver had been doing more than what was so graphically described by Ian McLaren as "tasting." Our Jehu had certainly had a "wee drappie" too much, and, in consequence, oblivion was rapidly descending upon him. To

the warning of "Steady down the hill," he whipped up his horses afresh, or to exclamations of "Keep to the left," nearer and nearer he drove to the overhanging edge of the precipice on our right. One corner we rounded, but it was evident that our chances of safety lay in the dismissal of the

driver. With difficulty the horses were stopped and Jehu unseated; then, leaving him on the roadside, we took hold of the reins and drove ourselves home. The tale our driver unfolded when he eventually returned to the village we did not hear, but it could scarcely have been as amusing as that of Jimmy Thamson, whose misfortunes still cause many a laugh. Jimmy had been to market, with the not unusual result of leaving it in a state of inebriety. As the effects of the whisky he had consumed told upon him, Jimmy fell asleep in his cart, and his horse began to graze by the roadside. A mischievous youth finding Jimmy thus unconscious, quietly unharnessed the horse and led him away. After "a while" Jimmy awoke, pulled the reins and said "Gee up." Finding that his horse did not respond, and, in fact, that there was no horse there, he rubbed his eyes and scratched his head and said, "Am I Jimmy Thamson or am I no? For eff I'm Jimmy Thamson I've lost



Mrs F. D. Godman.

ON THEIR WAY TO THE SALE.

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me horse, but eff I am no Jemmy Thamson I've foond a cairt."

Those days are past, and the drivers have learnt to be steady. The worst corners are turned, and a magnificent view of the Grampians unfolds itself before us, while, immediately below, a gleaming white suspension bridge contrasts with a dark pool in the river, and our thoughts turn to fishing and the colour of the water. A farmhouse stands a little way back, where "the honeysuckle round the porch has woven its wavy bowers," while added thereto a huge water-wheel, a fine rowan tree and a few wind-swept firs form a picture worthy of a good artist. Half a mile further we come to the keeper's house, and two Sutherlandshire giants welcome us with out-stretched hands. There are dogs to be looked at, the chances of sport to be discussed and the latest baby to be admired, for if the old friends are passing away a colony of sturdy men is growing up, and the suggestion that a new regiment of Gordon Highlanders be raised in the Glen is received with a smile.

What pleasant days that low, white, slate-tiled house recalls. What sumptuous teas we partook of even in that land of cakes; teas which induced every sportsman to walk a mile further rather than drive home without those refreshing draughts. How gay was the scene in the morning when a brakeful of loaders and guns would join the already collected drivers with flags in their hands, the ponies waiting patiently to be ridden or laden with panniers for lunch or game, the pointers barking in the kennels and the retrievers



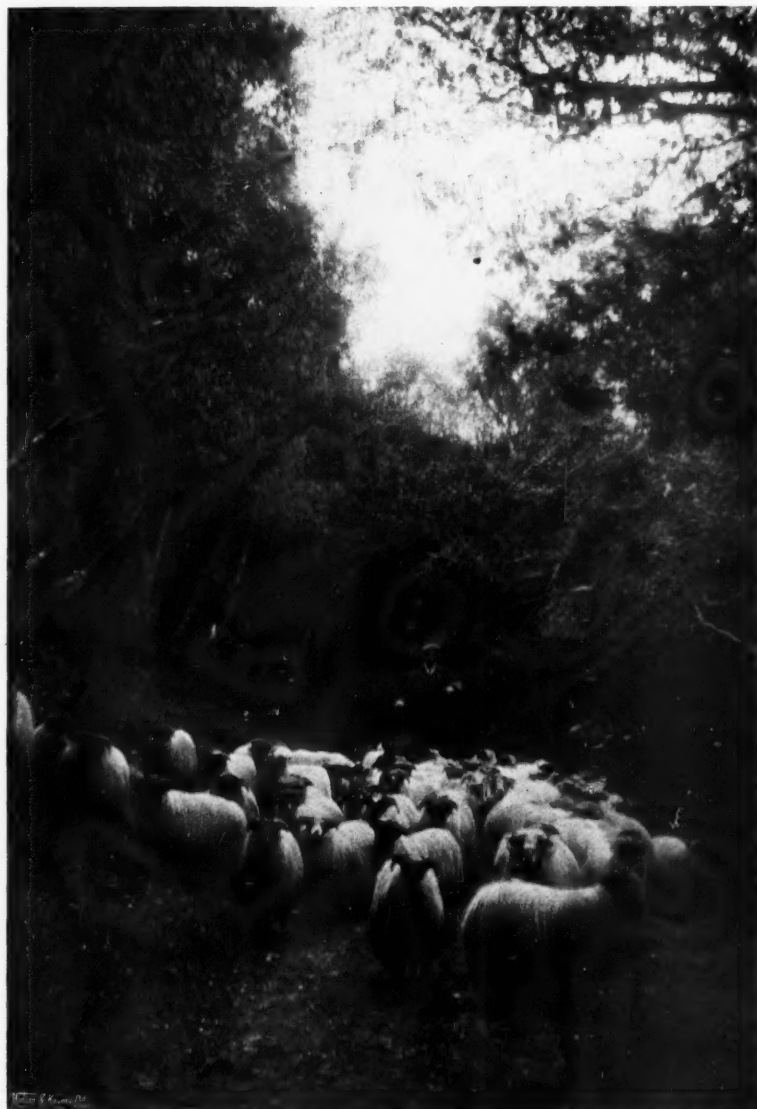
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## GROUPED ON THE HILLSIDE.

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—flat-coated or curly-haired—snarling at each other or rushing to greet their respective masters. The butts drawn for and the last arrangements made, the march of the grand army begins. Even as we stand watching them, man after man drops into his place in the heather, for these are to lie in readiness for the second drive, and the first lot of beaters have already gone on. Regretfully we leave them behind, and turn our eyes again

to the road. The winter snow and the summer rains have left their mark, and where last year the pony shied in safety, the chances of disaster have increased 100 per cent. The new bridge is put up; but though we feared for the lame girl on her crutch crossing the rickety, crooked, sloping planks of the old structure, the solid rail and broad boards of the new bridge could not keep a drunken man straight, and we hear the sad tale of a gillie finding a watery grave in the river below. The sun shines on the cornfield near, and the little path leads to three farms above. In the topmost croft lived an aged dame, who "had very little of the English," and who greeted a visitor with the quaint address: "Is that the lady Mr. G.?" Ever after, though known throughout the Glen by the pretty Scotch appellation of Mistress G., the lady there received brevet rank. Till over eighty years of age Mrs. B. lived alone in her little thatched house, with only a collie dog to keep her company, and a weekly visit from a much-loved son. Inside the unceiled rafters terminated abruptly to allow the smoke to pass up the chimney, and as one sat by the blazing peat fire, sunlight or moonlight was plainly visible, or the sizzling of the dropping rain in the fire below indicated the state of the weather without. We might paint her portrait or "draw her card," as she styled photography, or she would entertain us with songs in Gaelic, but never might we depart without partaking of some refreshment; a glass of milk or a "cup of tea in your hand," as distinct from a spread meal, was the least that satisfied the generous instincts and charmingly-offered hospitality of every tenant in the Glen. A picturesque-looking friend who came back from South Africa at the age of eighty, shortly after the war, said she felt the cold terribly, and when speaking of the sunshine of Natal she would say, "I liket it, I liket it." She would tell, too, of how she entertained the troops and how she picked tea from a bush in the garden, and I have since learned that such a substitute for tea does exist. We could not pass without a visit to Miss D., whose sense of humour was strong and whose candour gave a relish to her remarks. She, too, would sit for her portrait, but first she must change her "nightcap," as she called it, for a beautifully-gaufered "mutch," and if her dress were not suitable she would fetch others, and having given us our choice, would then and there put it on. While preparing "broken milk" or whipped cream, with ground oatmeal, stirred with a stick terminating in a circle, elaborately garnished with hairs from the cow's tail, Miss D. would inform the other guests that Mrs. G. was "terrible heavy on the cream," adding with a wink, "I'd sooner keep her a week than a fortnight." Simplicity of manner



Mrs. F. D. Godman.

## GENTLY MOVING ON.

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appealed to her, and she described G. as a "terrible plain man." Her joy on his return after a long illness was expressed by the desire to hang a table-cloth, tied to a stick, and wave it as a flag from her chimney, but the project was abandoned, as she knew that G., like herself, "would no be caring for show." The children were gladly welcomed everywhere and their rapid growth commented on as having "stretched arful." Gifts were made, showing the keenest observation, and if a prized possession were unwittingly admired, it would frequently be sent after death with a touching message that So-and-so "wished Mistress G. to have it." Their tact was beyond all praise, and they would have scorned the minister who preached to his congregation on the subject, giving the apt illustration: "My friends, if you were talking to St. Peter, you would no be speaking of cocks!"

Interest in sport was always keen, and the rapidity with which news spread in the Glen was incredible. No visitor arrived but he already knew of our doings, and to the information that So-and-so had caught a fish, or So-and-so had shot a stag, the invariable reply, most pleasantly expressed, was, "Indeed, I was hearing that." The farmers would join in the grouse-drives, and take infinite pains not to disturb the ground by gathering their sheep if they knew of our plans, or they would pass through the forest at the earliest hour possible to avoid interfering with the stalkers or deer. Late in the autumn large flocks of sheep, consisting of 500 at a time, passed the lodge on their way to and

from the sales at Perth, or in order to winter on low ground. barking of the dogs usually gave warning of their approach, early or late, as the case might be, we could seldom resist running out with a camera. However weary, the shepherds would always turn the sheep to the desired spot, and wait while half-a-dozen plates were exposed, a last season's picture would eagerly be scanned, and the promise of a print would send them away well content. Should the owner not appear in the photograph, it mattered little, for the good shepherd knows his sheep so well that he would not only recognise his own flock, but even individuals then no longer in his own possession.

The plaids formerly carried by the shepherds have now quite disappeared, and a stout mackintosh takes their place. Many are the days both men and sheep are on the road, the former sometimes finding shelter in the hospitable farms and cottages, but at others passing the night beside their flock on the wet ground. Wet or dry, they never complain, and however late will somehow reach the limit of the forest fence before settling down for the night. When freed from the restraint of the dogs keeping them before the camera, the sheep will gently move on and scramble up the steep hillsides in search of food till they look like the white rocks that are so plentifully scattered over the ground. As they gradually disappear we too pass on, finding ourselves at the next turn within sight of the smoke-wreathed lodge, where "Recollections of Our Glen" must cease. A. M. G.

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

### WINTER ON THE MOUNTAINS.

TOWARDS the end of November, when autumn has yielded to winter on the heights, the lonely mountains have a great fascination for the Nature-lover, and the difficulties to be overcome ere the hilltop is gained serve only as an added incentive. Starting from habitations of men ere the sun has scarcely risen above the horizon, a twenty-mile motor run brings you to the base of Lochnagar (3,786ft.), the corries of which Byron loved so well, and which he has described in his poem "Dark Lochnagar." At the Allt-na-giuthasaich (the burn of the fir wood) the path up the hill strikes off from the road, and for a considerable distance is a clearly-defined track, losing itself later among the snows which envelop the upper reaches of the hill from November till May. A hard frost prevails, and many of the smaller burns are running beneath the ice, while the last golden needles of the larches are strewn the way. On emerging from the wood you note that the southern spur of Lochnagar, which bears the name of Cuidhe Crom (the hill of the crooked snow wreath), is mist-capped, the morning sun striking on the snow and mist with wonderful effect. Scarcely a breath of wind is there, and the grouse rise startled at your feet and settle, crowing loudly, on the other side of the burn. In the distance a solitary hind is seen making her way along the sky-line, and a peregrine comes soaring leisurely by, on the sharp look-out for prey. Soon is passed a deep gorge at the head of the burn, where a few years ago a pair of eagles built their eyrie and hatched their young. Being in a very conspicuous position, however, the nest was discovered by some youths, who carried the eaglets away. Luckily a keeper got to know of this almost immediately and compelled the boys to replace the chicks, none the worse for their enforced absence. The parent birds reared them in safety, but have not since returned to this nesting site. As the water-shed between the rivers Muick and Dee is reached, all of a sudden a remarkable view of the eastern Cairngorms is gained. Ben Avon, with the giant rocks on its summit, is spotlessly white, the rocks standing out black as night. Eastwards the hill of the Brown Cow already bears the wreath known to the natives as the "Brown Cow's White Cal." This drift towards the end of winter may reach the depth of close on 100ft., and often lies on the hill till the month of August. The path you have been following, which hitherto has led northward, now at the water-shed changes abruptly to almost due west, and you see before you the Cuidhe Crom, over which the track leads in a zigzag course known to mountaineers as the ladder. At a height of 2,500ft. you reach the snow-line. At first only a sprinkling covers the ground, but gradually the depth increases, until you are walking in an average depth of 6in. at least. It is noticed that there are two different layers of snow covering the hill, the lower hard and half melted and the upper soft and powdery, and a good deal of caution has to be exercised as the crevices between the boulders are treacherously blown up. For some time you have heard the mournful croaking of the ptarmigan in the distance, and now you come upon a pair so tame that they pay but little attention to your approach, and allow you to get within a few yards of them before taking flight. Although nearly white, they have not as yet assumed their full winter plumage. The spot appears to be a favourite feeding-ground, and one after another ptarmigan rise either singly or in pairs. Then suddenly on either side two large packs, each consisting of about thirty birds, suddenly rise, and beautiful indeed do they look as they fly off to the upper reaches of the hill, their snowy plumage glistening in the sunlight. The hills to the east have gradually been one by one obscured by a mist, and as you reach a point from which the first view of the loch of Lochnagar is obtained, it descends on the hill, blotting out everything over 3,000ft. with its white vapour. The loch itself is grand in the extreme as it is dimly viewed through the mist, but a sudden rift in the gloom shows it up sharp and clear, its black waters, from which thin columns of steam are seen slowly ascending, forming a striking contrast to the snow all around. A thin layer of ice is seen to be forming in places, but, as is evident from the steam, the water of the loch has not yet cooled down to the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere. Although the thermometer is many degrees below freezing, and one's moustache is frozen hard, still there is an almost complete absence of wind, and the air feels strangely mild. Lunch is now taken in the hopes of the mist rising, and a bottle of ginger-beer, which was brought up with

much labour and placed in an apparently secure position, suddenly begins to slip down hill, and, despite all efforts to arrest its progress, slides down the hill-side with ever-increasing velocity, and finally finds a resting-place somewhere beside the loch, nearly 1,000ft. below. After lunch, the mist clearing slightly, you push on to the summit plateau, encountering a deep snow wreath which was formed by a severe snowstorm in October, and will now, in all probability, last till May or June. A luckless fly is found lying dead on the surface of the snow, and here and there are the tracks of a mouse, while footmarks of the white hare and fox are common. Suddenly, in the distance, a dark object shoots through the air. He may have been a peregrine, but in all probability a golden eagle was taking his toll of the snow-white ptarmigan. The summit plateau of Lochnagar commences at an elevation of about 3,400ft., and on gaining this you have a wonderful view whenever the mist lifts. The plateau carries practically no snow, but everything is thickly coated with ice, showing that a storm of rain was immediately followed by a touch of frost. On the ice are wonderful crystals mostly resembling a variety of seaweed. On every stone these are found, and all bend towards the south-west. On some of them tiny crystals have formed at a later date, and it is difficult to realise that they are not alive, so plant-like do they appear. The sun shines dimly through the mist like a large yellow ball of fire, and while to the east the mist is of a bluish colour, near the sun it is transformed to an orange tinge. At times the clouds rise from the plateau, but even then they are seen rolling over the lower heights with fine effect. Away down by the Dee a thin haze rests, but it can be seen that at least a portion of the oats are still in the fields. Looking over the precipice's edge you might be looking into eternity, as all below is swallowed in mist—cold, impenetrable mist; and although you are aware that the loch is lying 1,000ft. beneath you, it is completely swallowed in the gloom. In a mist such as this it is well to know the ground thoroughly, as a false step or two and a sheer precipice awaits the mountaineer who has lost his bearings. As you wind your way once more to the lower grounds the sun is tinging the snow-capped hills with a rosy hue, and Loch Muick lies in its deep basin, the sinking sun lightening up its waters a deep gold. A mallard duck and drake rise from the burn before you, and as twilight comes on the call of the grouse as they settle down for the night is the only sound to disturb the stillness of this winter evening. By and by the moon rises and all the valley is lit up by its golden rays. All Nature sleeps.

### THE CALL-NOTE OF THE PTARMIGAN.

The usual cry of this bird is a deep mournful croak, which the cock makes use of when rising, and again immediately before he settles. Recently, however, I heard a ptarmigan utter a very unusual cry, reminding me very much of the shrill call of the jackdaw. As it was in November the bird was, in all probability, an immature one, and his voice not fully developed. It seems to be the fact that a great many ptarmigans remain paired throughout the winter months, and are at this season exceptionally confiding. Sometimes one sees a solitary ptarmigan at a level of about 2,000ft.; but, as a rule, they are not met with till the 2,500ft. line at least. Although paired during the winter, the cock bird does not at that season betray the same amount of anxiety on his mate's account, and often flies off without waiting for her to join him. They roost in slight hollows scraped in the snow, and seem to prefer a snowy bed even when a great part of the hill is free of snow.

### THE MOUNTAIN HARE'S WINTER DRESS.

It would be very interesting to know whether, in a mild autumn such as we have lately been experiencing, with hardly a single fall of snow on hills even of 3,000ft. in height, the blue hare changes colour less quickly than during a snowy autumn. Apparently this is the case, for a few days ago, when on a hill noted for the number of hares to be met with on its slopes, it was remarked that some of them had scarcely changed colour at all, whereas at an earlier period of last year, when the hill bore practically constant snow during the autumn, they were almost as white as the surrounding snow. Probably this is only a wise provision of Nature, for there is nothing so conspicuous as a white hare on a hillside free of snow—in fact, I have noted one from a distance of nearly a mile with the naked eye—and a golden eagle could thus destroy them with the greatest of ease. It would be interesting to hear readers' views on this subject. SEYON P. GORDON.





J. M. Sellors.

THE VESPER HOUR

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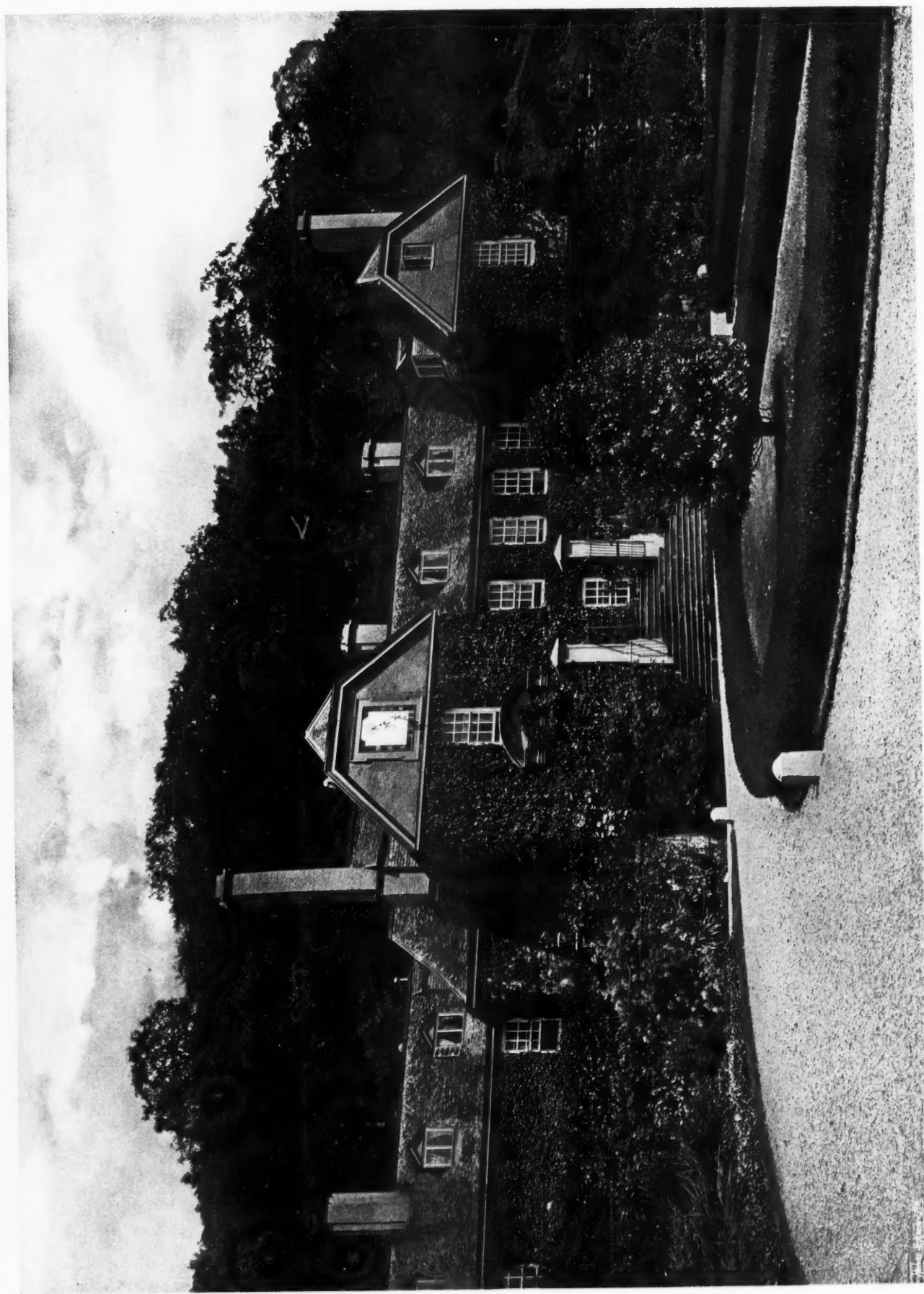


**R**ISING in the mountainous region of North-West Montgomeryshire—as does also the Vyrnwy, whose artificial lake is Liverpool's supply—the river Tanat, on its way to the Severn, crosses that southernmost slip of Denbighshire which contains the parish of Llangedwyn. Its valley is of that sub-mountainous kind whose base is occupied by lush meadows, through which the rushing, limpid stream winds; the hilltops are crowned with wood and waste, and their steep sides are given up to mixed agriculture and dotted occasionally with the habitations of men. Of the larger sort of these is the old manor house which we illustrate, admirably set and planned to give value to the characteristics of its site, and which forms part of that great territory in North Wales acquired and owned in the early part of the eighteenth century by the first Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn, whose names and estates have ever since continued in his line. The story of the acquisition of this large estate, and of its administration with a view to its conferring the utmost political and social influence upon its lords, is a bit of local, merging into national, history of the most engaging kind. If unrecognised in the "Almanach de Gotha," this principality was nevertheless ruled by a descendant of princes; for, though the first Sir Watkin's paternal great-grandfather had been but a quiet country parson, his maternal ancestor

one degree further back had clearly established himself as thirteenth in direct lineal descent from Owain Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales and a descendant of Roderick the Great. Sir John Wynn of Gwydir, born in 1553, the author of the "History of the Gwydir Family" and the framer of this romantic, but not necessarily imaginative, pedigree, did not, however, confine his attention to the past. He was a man of a practical business mind, thoroughly interested in the present, and keen to make the best use of his opportunities. He sat in Parliament, was of the Council of the Marches of Wales and appears in that second batch of baronets which, in June, 1611, followed the first creation of the previous month. All this was part of his scheme of improving his worldly position and multiplying his worldly goods. So "shrewd and successful" was he in his dealings that his less prosperous and energetic neighbours were apt to give him an ill name, and the superstition long survived at Llanrwst that "the spirit of the old gentleman lies under the great waterfall Rhaiadr y Wennol, there to be punished, purged, spouted upon and purified from the foul deeds done in his days of nature." We hear that "his ancestors had been for generations notorious for the number of their progeny"; and this quality descended to, but ended with, him; for half a century had not gone by after his demise in 1627 before three deaths had







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FROM THE FIFTH TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

brought the title to his fourth son's son, with whom the title expired, and who had to find an heir to the estates by adopting the son of the sixth son's grand-daughter. Sir John Wynn, fifth and last baronet, had vastly added to his inherited acres by his marriage with the heiress of a large estate near Ruabon, then called Watstay, but which he altered to Wynnstay, and which has remained the chief seat of his kinsmen. Though he had no children by his wife, he had both possession and

disposition of her property, and he made more than one will before he decided that it should descend to the issue of his cousin Jane Thelwall, who had married Sir William Williams, second baronet of that name. William Williams the elder was the son of a vicar of Llantrisant, and he early determined to pursue his way to fortune by the twin roads of law and matrimony. "What have you?" said the owner of the Glascoed estate to the briefless barrister who asked his only child's hand



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THE THREE GABLES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





"COUNTRY LIFE."

LLANGEDI'YNN FROM THE EAST.

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in marriage. "I have, sir, a tongue and a gown." These were deemed sufficient, and proved so, for his legal career was eminently successful, though he missed the Woolsack. This was not from lack of trimming his sails to suit prevailing political winds, for, as Speaker of the House of Commons in 1680, we find him on the Whig side and licensing the publication of Dangerfield's "Narrative." But when, after James II.'s accession, Dangerfield was pilloried as a libeller and Williams was

finned £8,000 for his part in the matter, he found it opportune to change his views, and he suddenly blossoms out as Solicitor-General and a baronet and conducts the prosecution of the seven bishops in 1688, under promise that, if successful, the Great Seal would be taken from Jeffreys and handed to him. As, six months later, the Revolution had occurred and Jeffreys was in the Tower, Williams's failure to get a conviction against the bishops was, perhaps, lucky for himself, for he was able to pose as a friend of the Revolution and hope for office, which, however, he never got. He died in 1700, and of his successor nothing need be said, except that in 1692 a son, Watkin, was born unto him,



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ON THE LAWN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

who was in due course adopted by Sir John Wynn. Very likely this turning-point in the lad's fortunes took place before 1710, when we find him a fellow-commoner of Jesus College, Oxford, but it certainly occurred before 1714, as then he was living with old Sir John at Wynn-stay. Next year he married—the year after he entered Parliament—and in 1719, at the death of his kinsman in his ninety-first year, he came into his great inheritance. For many years after this he was known as the Honoured Mr.

Watkin Williams, for he did not succeed to the baronetcy till his father's death in 1740, and the additional surname of Wynn, though legal, was never popular, either in his or his son's time, and it is always as Sir Watkin Williams that we find them mentioned contemporarily, as in Horace Walpole's "Correspondence." But it was not only the Wynn and Williams estates that coalesced under the first Sir Watkin; to them were added three Vaughan properties, of which Llangedwyn was one. Probably built originally under Elizabeth, when it was known as Plas Newydd, or the New Hall, it was owned by a family still Welsh enough not to have crystallised down to a surname,



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KITCHEN GARDENS.

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for we hear it was Moris ap Robert ap Moris whose daughter and heiress married Owen Vaughan of Llwydiarth, High Sheriff of Montgomeryshire, in 1601. Their great-grand-daughter, Mary Purcell, married Edward Vaughan of Glanllyn, "Ye adopted heir of Edward Vaughan of Llwydiarth Esquire, son and heir of Sir Robert Vaughan Knight," who had been the second son of Owen Vaughan. Edward Vaughan, soon after his marriage, became Knight of the Shire for Montgomeryshire, and sat till his death. He had a son and two daughters; but the son died a lad and one daughter childless, and on Sir Edward's death in 1718 Llangedwyn, and eventually the other estates, went to Anne, wife of Watkin Williams. Whether the transformation of the Elizabethan house into one of the style of Queen Anne's day was carried out by Edward Vaughan or by Watkin Williams it is difficult to say, as there are no written records, and no dates appear on the fabric. The appearance is not incompatible with the earlier years of George I., and, as the ceiling in the dining-room has Williams-Wynn as well as Vaughan arms, it follows that some of the work is posterior to 1718. The structure as well as the site of the Elizabethan house was retained, but it was wholly remodelled in its details inside and out, and no casement windows, except in the garrets, were allowed to survive. Its shape is irregular, and the local belief that it was "built in the form of the letter E in compliment to Edward Vaughan, its owner," is amusingly ignorant in that such shape was out of fashion long before Edward Vaughan's time, and Llangedwyn is not an example of it. The recessed portion to the left is twice the depth of that to the right of the porch, which, moreover, in no way represents the short central limb of the letter E, but comes out flush with the wings. Perhaps the original house was of the design so general in the latter half of the sixteenth century, and grew into the less symmetrical form it now exhibits to meet the accommodation requirements of the beginning of the eighteenth century. The result is certainly most agreeable, combining classic symmetry and reserve of detail with almost Gothic looseness and freedom of general form in picturesque and

engaging fashion. The texture of the walling and roof, the mouldings of the hipped gables continued as a guttering along the eaves, the correct thickness of the original sash bars, the simple yet stately proportions of the pedimented doorway—really too good to be smothered by creepers—all combine to make Llangedwyn Hall a desirable and satisfying abode, British to the backbone, sprung naturally from the soil as the fit habitation—at once comfortable yet dignified, homely yet refined—of that equally-native product of our Isles, the country gentleman. Of course, it owes quite as much to its setting as to its architecture, but these two qualities are not independent, not a haphazard, but a co-ordinated combination; the site has largely influenced the design, and the design has given feature to the site. Perched and terraced on the steeply-rising ground, there is no attempt made to bring a carriage-way to the door—a superfluous luxury which our great-grandfathers never put themselves out to afford to their womenkind—but the short, straight avenue of noble trees ends in an open space, where the carriage swings and sets down the visitor at the bottom of the



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SOUTH ENTRANCE TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

fine segmental steps, up which he must ascend and cross a flowery terrace before he reaches the threshold on to which, and on to the dial above it, pours the southern sun. To the left of the house as you face it lies the stable-yard, almost mediæval in homely irregularity and unspoiled picturesqueness. But to the right the whole space between the shaded and protecting hill of oak trees and the road, which runs parallel with and nearer to the river, is occupied by a series of terraces, all different in their width, their height, their features and their garden purposes. The narrow space between the first and second walls below the wood admits of a flower-bordered gravel walk only, but below this is a broad expanse, accommodating not merely paths and borders, but a stretch of lawn forming the groundwork for tree and bush, flower-bed and lily-pool. Below, again, are three more plats, the lowest level with and running up to road and avenue, and affording ample space for the happy, homely mixture of fruit and flower, of vegetable ground and orchard, of grassy plat and bushy pleasance. All this bears surface evidence of to-day's gardening spirit and of the present choice of plants, but in substance it is original. It belongs, as much as the house does, to a fashion centuries old. No Capability Brown ever

solid needlework of stems and leaves, of fruit and flower, of bird and butterfly, which eighteenth century dames found leisure and patience to produce?

One interesting reminder of the lives and aims of Watkin Williams and Anne Vaughan has most appropriately arrived here in more recent times—a jewel presented to the late Lady Williams-Wynn in 1869. It was the presidential badge of a club which was then dissolved, having long outlived its principles and its purpose—the Cycle Club, founded by Cheshire and North Wales Jacobites in 1710, when Britain was wearying of the Whig Government of Marlborough and Godolphin, and was growing Tory, if not even occasionally glancing sideways across Channel to St. Germain, where the exiled Stewart lay—the brother, and why not the successor, of Anne? Why not, indeed, thought Sir Watkin throughout his career, and his opinions were within an ace of costing him his life and fortune. He was, with Sir John Cotton and Sir William Wyndham, the most active of Jacobite members throughout Sir Robert Walpole's long government, and keen on impeachment when that Minister fell. "A man of great note among the most disaffected to the present Government," thought Speaker Onslow, and as he was



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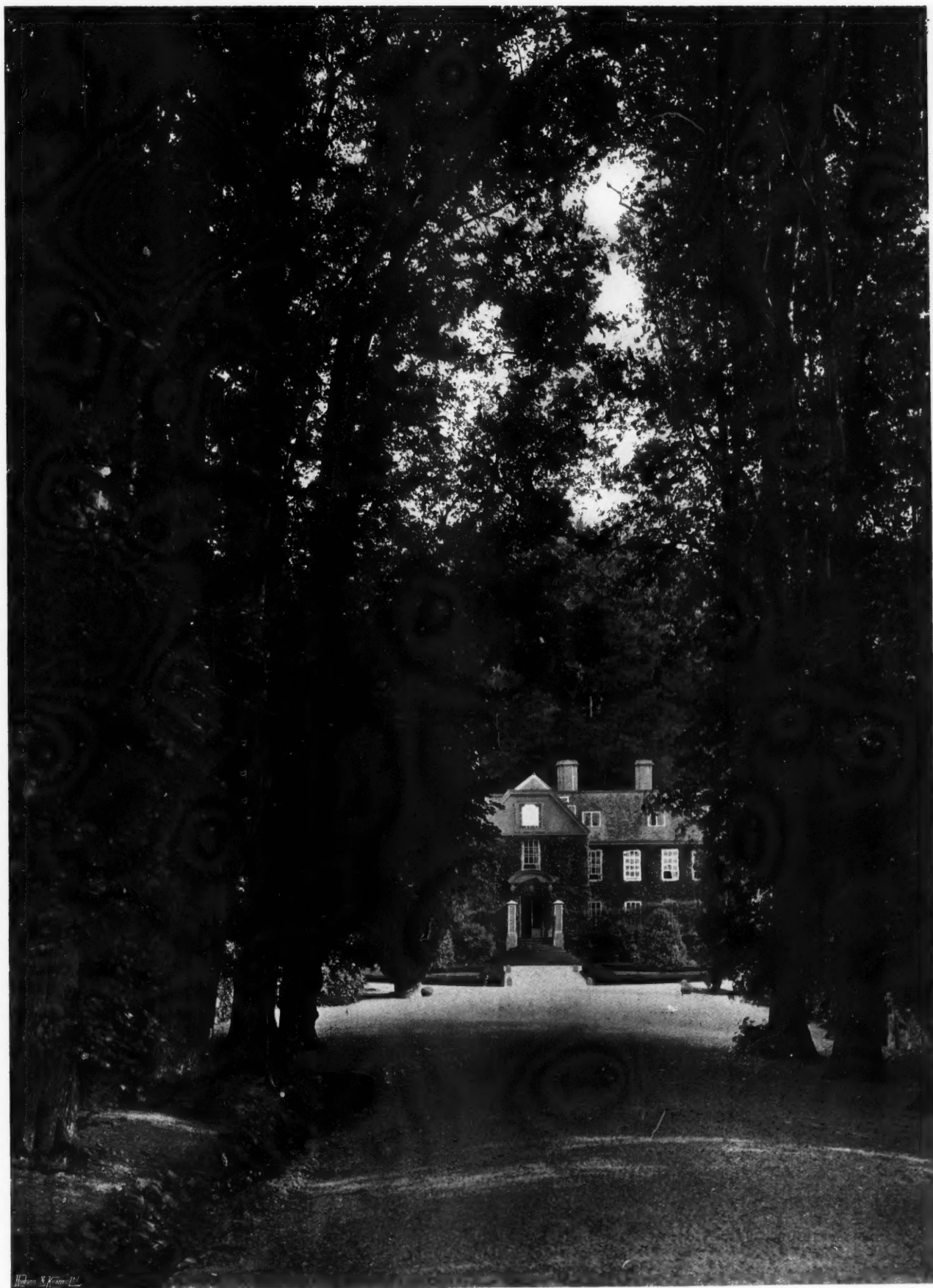
FROM THE ENTRANCE TERRACE: BORDERS OF WHITE HEATHER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

came to supplant its pleasant terraces with formless clumps and wearisome belts; no landscape gardener destroyed its honestly formal walks and replaced them with artificially-natural serpentine. This is not a garden after the old style, it is the old style itself; it is the thing and not an imitation. House and garden are harmoniously synchronous, a single untouched composition. Nor do we breathe a different atmosphere when we cross the threshold, for within there is the same savour of undisturbed antiquity, of unbroken ownership; indeed, the ancient owners are there to greet us. Here is Edward Vaughan himself, and there the lad who was to have been his heir. Near by is his sister Anne, who took his place when he died at twenty years of age, and carried her father's house and lands to the young man who was later on to be known as "the great Sir Watkin," and whom we also find here as Hudson's brush depicted him. Nor do these canvases look down on an unfamiliar scene. There is still much of the surroundings that they lived with, furniture and tapestry, plaster-work and panel. Nay, are there not old four-post bedsteads valanced, curtained and covered with the linen richly and heavily embroidered by the ladies of the house in the arduous and

also "a brave, open, hospitable gentleman" of great fortune and energy, his disaffection might be a serious thing. There is no doubt that he was engaged to rise for the Pretender on his proposed landing in 1743, and that when, two years later, the idea was realised and England was invaded from the Highlands, Sir Watkin was in active correspondence with the rebels. He was of those who sent word to Derby to assure Charles Edward, "in the name of many friends, that they were ready to join in what manner he pleased, either in the capital or every one in his own country." But both the invasion and the retreat of the Highlanders was too rapid for any general organised movements under existing conditions of communication, and the messenger arrived too late for concerted action. England and Wales remained quiet while the tide of war flowed back to Scotland, and after Culloden it was Scotchmen only who went to the block and the gibbet. Yet there was an anxious moment when John Murray turned informer. The Government learnt exactly what part had been played by Sir Watkin and the other Southern Jacobites; but the danger was over, and the wise policy of stirring up as little mud as possible prevailed. So Murray was encouraged to whisper in





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THE AVENUE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the closet but not blab in open court—which annoyed a born gossip like Horace Walpole, who wanted to hear. Writing in March, 1747, to Horace Mann as to Lord Lovat's trial, he tells him that "Murray, the Pretender's Secretary, was the chief evidence, who, in the course of his information, mentioned Lord Traquair's having conversed with Lord Barrymore, Sir Watkyn Williams and Sir John Cotton on the Pretender's affairs, but that they were shy. He was proceeding to name others, but was stopped by Lord Talbot and the Court acquiesced—I think very indecently." Sir Watkin's "shyness" saved him and the estates, and all was right but one thing. He had been married thirty years, but no child had survived to inherit the great position he had built up. True, his wife had copied the example of the previous Lady Wynn, and had made over all her property

for the thirsty, and none let to go empty away." The time, however, had been enough, for the heirship was doubly assured. Four years later, that great traveller and letter-writer, Bishop Pococke, was at Ruabon and saw the "handsome new house of a very good freestone of a greenish cast," which Sir Watkin had built at Wynnstay, and he also picked up local information as to its late lord. "He lived at great expense to support his interest in the country, and had several houses in which he kept servants and a table, inasmuch that he is said to have died £80,000 in debt, but his elder son of two being very young it is supposed the estate will be cleared when he is of age, tho' I have since been informed that his debts amounted to no more than his personal estate." This information was undoubtedly correct. The widow—who lived on for fifty-four years—and

the trustees bought additional estates with the accumulation of the long minority, so that son, grandson and great-grandson continued to "keep servants and a table" in several houses, and "supported their interest in the country" to such extent that the grandson earned the title of "the Prince in Wales," and the others were almost equally popular and powerful. Their history, however, is bound up with Wynnstay; Llangedwyn may have had its servants and its table, but was merely a subordinate place. With the death of the great-grandson, the fourth Sir Watkin, in 1885, there came a break in the direct male succession; part of the estates, including Llangedwyn, went to his daughter, the settled estates and the title to his nephew. Llangedwyn, as the home of his widow and now of his daughter, has its charms and associations in safe keeping; while the latter's marriage with her cousin, the present Sir Watkin, has ensured an heir to undiminished possessions and great traditions.

T.

## IN THE GARDEN.

### PLANTING LILACS.

NO shrub or small tree, whichever one is pleased to call the Lilac, has quite its charm, and certainly not its delicious fragrance. The Lilac is a *Syringa*, which may seem confusing to those who have heard the Mock Orange (*Philadelphus*) so described; but the true *Syringa* is the Lilac, *S. vulgaris*, of which there are many varieties. This beautiful shrub came to these shores from Eastern Europe in the sixteenth century; as a well-known authority on trees and shrubs writes: "It is one of the least fastidious of all our flowering shrubs, and in park, garden, or even the town forecourt it is equally at home, and each May furnishes an object of much beauty. The popular name of Lilac is derived from the colour of the flowers of the

original species; but so many varieties have been raised that they now range in colour from white to deep red or purple-red, through the various intermediate shades of blue, lilac and pink." One of the sweetest seasons of the year in the Royal Gardens, Kew, is Lilac-time, when we should think almost every variety known is in flower. A large group may be seen near the entrance from Kew Green, and it is worth studying, if as much variation as possible is desired, although the common Lilac is still one of the purest in colour. Of the single sorts, *Cærulea* or *Delphine* is very rare, but its bluish shade has an uncommon beauty; and then a rich display is made by one of the darkest of all, the intense red *Souvenir de la Spath*, the best whites are *alba grandiflora* and *Marie Legrange*, and others worthy of mention are the popular *Dr. Lindley*, rose-purple, the bright rose *Mme. Kreuter* and *Congo*, red. The doubles are naturally more massive in form and last longer than the singles. No one should be without *Mme. Lemoine*, which is as pure as snow, or the exquisite *Virginité*, in which there is a faint



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RECESS GARDEN: FROM A WINDOW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

unconditionally to her husband. Now she went further. To supply the desired heir was beyond her, so she made way for one who could. On May 24th, 1748, she died, and on July 19th following Sir Watkin married again, "at the request of his late lady under her hand," as the *Gentleman's Magazine* informs us. As Sir Watkin was but fifty-six, this may be considered precipitate, even "under the hand" of the "late lady." But it was most prescient and fortunate. In April of the following year the *Gentleman's Magazine* has the entry: "Lady of Sir Watkin Williams Wynne—of a son"; and in September it records Sir Watkin's death "by a fall from his horse, in hunting," and describes him as "a steady senator, a fine patriot . . . and a noble example of conjugal fidelity; his house was a daily relief to the poor: there was both good bread for the hungry and good drink



shade of bluish; La Tour d'Auvergne, purple-violet; Alphonse Lavallée, soft blue; Leon Simon, bluish; Michel Buchner, lilac; and Senateur Volland, red, are much grown in English gardens for their distinct colour and wealth of bloom. As the authority mentioned urges the need for striking Lilacs from cuttings, "One caution to purchasers is to always stipulate that the plants are on their own roots, otherwise suckers from the stock are always a nuisance, and unless carefully attended to they will often overpower the scion. Even on its own roots there is a natural tendency for the Lilac to produce suckers, and if the plants are to flower well these suckers must be rapidly cut away, otherwise the growth will be particularly rank. Should any of the bushes run up too tall for the position occupied by them, they may be cut hard back immediately after flowering, as by so doing the display of flowers may, the first season after this drastic treatment, be lessened, but afterwards the plant will be much improved."

#### THE SPECIES OF LILAC.

Besides the *Syringa vulgaris*, several species of wild Lilacs deserve attention; certainly the Persian Lilac (*Syringa persica*) should be more grown. It is quite a rare shrub, graceful in growth, and dwarf compared to the varieties just mentioned. We have frequently admired this pretty shrub in the Royal Gardens, Kew, and the way to grow it is as a single bush on the outskirts of the lawn, or in some position where it will not be encroached

individual flowers are larger than those of the type. It should certainly be grown in preference to the ordinary form, and is sometimes met with in French nurseries under the name of *Syringa Bretschneideri*, so named in honour of its discoverer. The Hungarian Lilac, *S. Josikaea*, resembles *S. Emodi*, but is less showy, while it blooms in May, when the other sorts are in the full flush of their flower beauty; but a very fine form of it was given the award of merit of the Royal Horticultural Society last year. This has large flower clusters, pyramidal in shape, and the separate blooms are deep red rose. As this is the planting time, advantage may be taken of adding more varieties of Lilac to the woodland, shrubbery or wherever they are desired.

#### CHRISTMAS ROSES AMONG FERNS.

We never walk round the Royal Gardens, Kew, without discovering some fresh and beautiful way of planting hardy flowers. This way is not confined to the spring, summer, or autumn of the year, but applies to the winter also. The accompanying illustration shows a way of using the Christmas Rose, namely, among Ferns. This lovely flower of winter is usually relegated to some obscure corner of the rock garden or herbaceous border, but here it is brought into the woodland itself, and allowed to play its proper part in the winter scenery. There is something almost spring-like in the look of these snow white masses among the brown of the Fern fronds, and such a system



E. J. Walms.

CHRISTMAS ROSES AND FERNS.

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upon. It seldom grows more than 8ft. high, and the slender stems are hidden by small leaves, which in the flowering season are covered over with flowers of a conspicuous, but soft lilac-purple colour, which in the variety *alba*, however, as the name suggests, are white. *Syringa chinensis*, or the Rouen Lilac, has several names; it is also known as *S. dubia* and *S. rothomensis*, but, although known most generally under the first name, this is unfortunate, as it is not a native of China. The general idea is that it is a hybrid between the common and the Persian Lilac, and was first found in the Potanic Garden at Rouen in 1795. It is not difficult to trace a resemblance to both the supposed parents, the growth developing to a height of 12ft. or more, and the flower clusters are larger than those of *S. vulgaris*. We have never grown it, but it makes a handsome flowering shrub.

Several species of Lilac are little seen in our gardens, but we record them here, although they are not of the same value as such a variety as Marie Legrange, or even the common sort itself. The most beautiful of this group is *S. japonica*, which, as the name suggests, is a native of Japan, where it is said to be quite a tree. In this country, however, it grows to about the same height as the ordinary Lilac; the flowers are individually small, white or nearly so, and appear in the middle of summer, when the other sorts are long past their best. During June and July few shrubs flower, and for this reason *S. japonica* is welcome. Another rare kind is *S. amurensis*, a Chinese Lilac.

Two other Lilacs that are fairly popular in gardens are *Syringa Emodi* and *S. Josikaea*; the former is called the Hungarian Lilac, and is of stronger growth than the common kind; the leaves are large, and the clusters of flowers white or pale purple. Its late flowering is important, and we can forgive a certain want of beauty on this account. A very fine variety raised from seed sent from Northern China is *Rosea*, in which the clusters and

of planting may well be adopted generally in large gardens. Further reference to the Christmas Rose is unnecessary, as the whole family has been recently described in these pages.

## FROM THE FARMS.

#### CULTIVATION OF LAVENDER.

SO many pleasant associations have collected around the lavender grown in the garden that many people have never considered it as a commercial crop. The ordinary farmer, who comes of a farming family, perhaps in some cases remembers how his grandmother used to put packets of lavender in cupboards with her snow white linen, and every dweller in town knows that most delightful of street cries, "Sweet lavender." But there are parts of the country in which the growing of this plant is a strict business, and, apparently, the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, by publishing an article in the official journal, thinks its cultivation might be extended. The truth is that the price of lavender has gone up. Formerly English-grown lavender supplied the bulk of the oil used in this country; but some years ago a disease broke out that had the effect of discouraging those engaged in its production, and buyers had to go abroad for their supplies. This gave an opportunity to the French cultivators, and they have been in the habit of sending in vast quantities of inferior oil at a cheap

rate. The English oil is the best and commands the highest price on the market. The districts in which lavender thrives are Mitcham, Carshalton, Beddington in Surrey, Hitchin in Hertfordshire and Canterbury in Kent. It is interesting to note the localities, because they supply the conditions in which the plant can be suitably grown. Lavender will not flourish in damp soil nor in that which is over-rich. Mr. J. C. Saver in his "Odorographia" says: "The most suitable conditions of soil are found to be light brown loam over chalk, the depth of the loam being very slight, varying from 6in. to 20in. On slopes there is hardly any soil at all in some parts, while in some of the hollows it is as deep as 4ft. There is often a thin seam of Coombe rock, of a soft, dry, pulverulent nature, light brown in colour, between the loam and the chalk, which is very beneficial to the plant. In selecting ground, a site should be chosen which slopes rather to the south or south-west. A wood or copse on the south-west boundary is of some advantage to ward off or break the force of gales which may occur in July; but in the autumn and winter months the plants, having been clipped, present little resistance to the wind. A July gale may do some damage; the tall spikes wave like corn in the wind, but with such weight and momentum as to cause the woody branches sometimes to split at the junction with the stem. Tall trees in the immediate vicinity are objectionable, keeping off too much light and air. Hedges should be cropped very close and low, and walls of any sort are objectionable." The manures recommended by him are short straw, stable refuse and wood ashes. The young plants ought to be dibbled into their places in May, and plenty of space between them is recommended, namely, 4ft. apart and 6ft. between the rows. The reason for this is that, whereas the average size of the plant is only about 2ft., it will, in a favourable locality, throw up spikes nearly 5ft. high, and form a bush 5ft. in diameter. In the first year, plants should not be allowed to flower, as clipping them strengthens the lateral shoots and makes the plant bushy and compact. The lavender harvest usually begins in the first week of August. Mr. Saver considers that an average yield of 25lb. weight of oil per acre may be obtained; but, of course, that result must depend on the ability of the grower and the care of the distiller. The value of the oil goes up and down a little, but is at present about 22s. a pound.

#### THE INDEBTEDNESS OF CONTINENTAL SMALL HOLDERS.

Those who are interested in the formation of small holdings in Great Britain will do well to study carefully the report of the Agricultural Congress held at Vienna in the early part of the present year. It was concerned chiefly with that indebtedness of the peasants which renders it so difficult for them to go on with their small holdings on the Continent. When the labourer comes into possession of land his almost invariable tendency is to borrow as much as possible upon it. In consequence over-indebtedness exists to a very large extent, and the accepted

meaning of the expression is that "the debt is excessive if the produce of the holding is not sufficient to maintain the peasant and his family, and to pay in addition the interest and yearly redemption of the debt; or if the debt exceeds two-thirds the value of the estate." Many of the mortgages are made when the property changes hands either by purchase or inheritance. It is a common practice to pay a deposit on purchase, and to raise the rest of the price by mortgage. When the holding passes by inheritance, debts are incurred in order to provide money to pay the co-heirs, and very often to pay for improving the property. We have to add to those causes of indebtedness bad management and misfortune. It has to be remembered that the peasant has no reserve on which to draw. If either by his own bad management or the unlucky character of the weather he is put to extra charges without having the profits to meet them, his only plan is to borrow, and no one has yet devised a method of borrowing money which does not cripple the borrower. The Congress was engaged in devising means to bring money-lending within the scope of legitimate and inexpensive arrangements; but perhaps the main point for people of this country to note is that the peasant proprietor appears to be wholly unable to avoid falling into debt. Continental students of his condition are anxious to provide a system of lending which will not carry the chance of foreclosure with it; but, surely, in any system that must be the ultimate resort. It is on the security of the land, and on that security alone, that either public bodies or private persons lend money, and when the payments on any instalment system are not forthcoming the security must be forfeited. It is open to politicians to postpone this—though whether it be good policy to do so is open to question—but they cannot abolish altogether what is a cardinal fact in the situation.

#### THE AMERICAN GOOSEBERRY MILDEW IN WORCESTERSHIRE.

According to the official report the state of things brought about by this disease in the county of Worcestershire is extremely serious. On November 13th a careful inspection was made of the plantations at Lenchwick and Pinvin which had been officially treated on behalf of the County Council for American gooseberry mildew. There are ten at the one place and three at the other, and the report is that the disease is very bad in one plantation, bad in three plantations and slight in seven others. The whole of the bushes have been sprayed; ten plantations have been sprayed seven times and one five times. Two rows of Red Warrington were reported to be diseased last spring; they were pruned but not sprayed, and do not show any signs of disease at the present moment. Part of the plantation that was very badly affected was pruned in July, and this part is almost free from disease. It is too early yet to draw any general conclusions from the facts, but it seems probable that the most effective remedy lies in a severe use of the pruning knife. Energetic action will, it is hoped, rid the country of this pest in the course of another year or two.

## HEDGEROW FRUITS.

TO most of us, and especially the young, the advent of Christmas brings with it a peculiar sense of exhilaration; and this is, perhaps, nowhere so thoroughly

realised as in the quiet of the country, where there is time to think, and to contemplate with a delicious sense of enjoyment the delights which the day of days holds in store. This time of contemplation is surely stimulated by the wealth of brightly-coloured berries which on many a barren bough succeeds the fall of the leaves. Berries red, which even the glistening holly cannot surpass, and berries black, which have a most temptingly luscious look, now appear on every side, standing out in strong contrast

with the pale fruit of the mistletoe or the glistening white of the snowberries. But these hedgerow fruits are something more than mere ornaments enlivening the dead winter; something

more than heralds of the season of Peace and Goodwill. Yet how many of those whose deft fingers blazon the message of joy in red holly berries on banks of wonderfully real-looking snow, for the decoration of church and hearth, ever realise what hidden mysteries these tokens represent? To most of us an abundant crop of berries presages a hard winter, the berries having been provided to sustain the birds, which so greedily devour them, often before the winter has well begun. As a matter



Ward Muir.

BLACKBERRY SPRAY CLOSE TO THE GROUND.

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of fact, an abundant crop of berries, like a full crop of apples, simply means that there were no frosts to kill the bloom which brightened the country-side during the early spring; thereby the "setting" of the fruit was assured. To some this explanation may savour of the "brutal truth," which kills the poetry of life. Let such pause. Truth is always worth having; and invariably, when some cherished belief seems to be slain by its ruthless hand, a new and clearer insight of Nature is revealed—a new poetry succeeds. What then are we to learn from the berries of the hedges and rows? The key to this question is perhaps to be found by a reference to the factors which determine the colours of flowers. These, it is well known, are generally admitted to be due to the indirect agency of insects. For it is believed that the brilliantly-coloured petals of many flowers have been developed to attract insects to visit them. The latter are induced, unconsciously, to collect pollen for the fertilisation of the seed, by a tempting bait of honey, so placed that pollen must be removed in collecting it, only to be distributed over the pistils of the next flower visited. The devices, indeed, by which plants have contrived, unconsciously, to ensure the work of fertilisation are many; but they are outnumbered by the contrivances which have come about to secure the dispersal of the fruit, the outcome of fertilisation. And among these the production of hard-shelled and of fleshy fruits temptingly coloured, occupies a prominent place. Plants, like successful business men, spend large sums in advertising. They vie with each other in the spring by hanging out gaily-coloured posters—in the shape of petals—vaunting the new season's goods in the shape of honey, or even a pretence at honey; while in autumn they bedeck their branches with luscious-looking berries, or great, fat nuts. In the spring they cater for the busy bee and the gay butterfly; in the autumn for the more practical and needy birds and beasts, which gather to the feast from near and far. Necessarily, an

prefers high mountain regions, where planting is very costly if undertaken by human hands. The nuts carried away and dropped by this bird benefit both himself and us, for in due



Ward Muir.

HAWTHORN BERRIES.

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enormous percentage of such dainties when swallowed never fulfil their real purpose, the reproduction of the species; but a certain percentage attain their goal, enough, indeed, to secure the continuance of the race. Beech-nuts, hazel-nuts, acorns, chest-nuts, when eaten by creatures such as masticate their food before swallowing, inevitably fail of their purpose. Quantities of such nuts are stored away for winter consumption by squirrels and other hibernating mammals; while others are carried away and dropped by birds, and of these a large proportion ultimately escape and germinate, many of the seedlings attaining maturity.

The nutcracker is one of the finest of Nature's foresters, and confers as well great benefits on mankind, for he



Ward Muir.

WILD ROSE HIPS.

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time many grow up into trees to produce food for later generations of nutcrackers and valuable timber for man. Rooks and squirrels similarly sow acorns. The bright red "hips" of the wild rose, the similarly coloured berries of the hawthorn and holly, the black berries of the ivy and elder, and the pale white berries of the mistletoe, are so many bribes held out to the birds to convey the seeds of their respective plants to some suitable spot where they may increase and multiply. And of these seeds a large proportion do attain their mission. For the soft outer covering having been assimilated, the stones are passed out unharmed, being protected by their hard coverings from injury by the gastric juices of the birds' stomach. Some seeds, indeed, as the eminent botanist Kerner has shown, actually benefit by this sojourn in the belly of the swallowers. If these seeds were not coloured, and did not attract birds, they would fall and germinate at the foot of the parent trees, and there the seedlings would struggle one with another and with the parent plant for food, light and air, and each year's crop of berries would add to the intensity of the struggle, which would speedily spell disaster both for parent and offspring. But the mistletoe is even more obviously dependent upon birds for its existence. And this because, having become parasitic, it can no longer sustain life apart from its host. Mistletoe berries which drop, unswallowed, to the ground are inevitably doomed to destruction. When swallowed by a bird, the soft parts are assimilated, while the hard seeds are voided, unharmed, with the excrement, and speedily germinate. The thrushes, and especially the mistle-thrush or mistletoe-thrush (*Turdus viscivorus*), are particularly fond of these berries, and it was at one time supposed that these birds spread the seed by scraping off such as adhered to the beak during feeding upon the bark of the trees to which they flew after the feast was over. This is disproved by the fact that a large proportion of mistletoe plants grow from the sides or the under surfaces of boughs. Such positions would naturally be taken up by seeds dropped with semi-fluid excrement which travelled round the bough till stopped by some projecting piece of bark; but they could never be placed here by the bird's beak, which is always wiped, and necessarily so, immediately in front of the feet. Thus, then, if there were no birds, there would be no mistletoe; for this plant is too highly specialised now to become again self-supporting; and self-sown mistletoe plants are next to an impossibility. And what is true of the mistletoe is true

also of all the other berry-bearing plants—their seeds must be eaten if the species is to continue. If every berry is to find its billet it must wear the sign of edibility, be it black, white, red, or yellow, as the case may be; and such berries as may fail to acquire this sign are passed by unnoticed and uneaten, and, leaving no offspring, end the potential race of non-coloured berries. Thus, then, hedgerow fruits have something more than an aesthetic meaning for us, for they convey a wondrous lesson of the intricate and mysterious workings of Nature, which cannot but whet our appetite for more knowledge, thereby quickening our interest in all that pertains to living things, and revealing to us inter-relationships of the most unsuspected kind.



SNOWBERRIES.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

## A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

**B**OOKS about books generally form extremely pleasant reading, because as a rule they are written only by those the best of whose hours have been passed in a library. Mr. Alfred W. Pollard's *Books in the House* (Humphreys) is well entitled to take its place in the goodly company that has gone before. The author has many high qualifications for writing or speaking on the subject. He has long had a practical interest in the keeping of books, and it is evident also that he loves them—for those qualities which do not always appeal to the collector, but generally only to the lovers of literature—for their own sake. His style of writing is itself worthy of very high praise. So easily does the composition flow on that one at first scarcely observes the skill with which it is managed. It would be untrue to say that it shows the highest qualities of those who have previously written books about books. The display of learning seen at its highest in Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" is not there, the humour of Charles Lamb at its brightest is not touched, and the allusiveness which lends a charm to writings such as those of Mr. Andrew Lang is not so pronounced in the work of Mr. Pollard. But, on the other hand, there is soundness and good sense in everything he writes, combined with knowledge and brevity, two qualities that do not often come together. Most of those who have previously written about books and libraries have done so out of an abundant leisure. We fancy them sitting in luxurious armchairs and discoursing at large with a happy discursiveness. Mr. Pollard is more business-like in his methods, goes to the point at once and gives you as concise directions as you might expect to find in a manual. It is to his credit that he manages to accomplish this without ever losing that true spirit of love for love's sake, without which talk about literature is as sordid as the money market. His first disquisition is on the buying of books, and the problems raised are perhaps a little more delicate than he realises. Suppose that the person to whom the advice is addressed possesses a country house to which he is in the habit of inviting a considerable number of guests—should he consider his own likes and dislikes exclusively, so that the library, when collected, will in a large degree express his own characteristics, or should he try and make it universal, even if it be colourless, so as to gratify the tastes of the most diverse among his friends? It is not very easy to give an answer, but probably the most sensible of hosts would give full expression to his own particular liking in literature, yet at the same time add to his library at least the acknowledged masterpieces in other branches. For example, should his particular weakness lie in the direction of collecting works on architecture, or even works on history, it would be extremely hard on the guest who happens to love novels and poetry to find in the house nothing except what he would, in the phrase of Charles Lamb, unhesitatingly call "books that are no books." Mr. Pollard issues a warning against the many temptations to buy books indiscriminately. The modern publisher has developed a striking partiality for the series. Should he publish "Pride and Prejudice," it may be taken as quite certain that the complete works of Jane Austen are to

follow. One may like "Pride and Prejudice" without caring so much for Jane's other works as to wish to add them to the library. Mr. Pollard hints at a dislike of the "stately and monotonous volumes" that form such a series as the works of "R. L. S." He says "the grandeur and uniformity with which they are invested deprives them of half their flavour and all their friendliness." Nor does he seem much in favour of the popular "art" books—"barbaric volumes" he calls

them. He is very much more in favour of purchasing the first editions of modern authors, as he considers it a triumph to "anticipate the final verdict." At the same time, he utters a very much-needed warning when he says that young writers nowadays receive almost too much encouragement. Mr. Meredith said something of the same kind not very long ago. The reviewer of to-day, far from wielding the sledge-hammer, or even the rapier, gushes forth with overdone praise on the slightest possible provocation. One cannot take up the newspaper of a single day without seeing an allusion to the discovery of some genius or masterpiece; and on the slightest hint the critics, who follow one another like a flock of sheep, are ready to blow mediocrity into the region of the notorious. Never was there a time, in fact, when the very moderately-equipped writer was in a better position for gathering in the increase. A very practical chapter is that on "Inherited Books and Their Values." When one comes into an inheritance of books, Mr. Pollard holds that reverence for our ancestors demands "that they should first pass beneath their owner's eye," and he follows this with a piece of sensible advice that is worth quoting:

An indispensable preliminary is that the books should be dusted, and if they are very dirty it is well to do this in the open air. Their fate will also be much more favourably considered if before the inspection the parched leather of their bindings is lightly rubbed with ordinary furniture polish, and then quickly dried with a clean rag, or old silk handkerchief.

In the majority of cases it will be found that the books collected at random by several generations are of very little value. He considers that even age is "a much less potent factor in price than is usually believed." He works out a mechanical rule by which an idea of value may be obtained. A clean copy of an English book published before 1641 would probably be worth 2s. 6d. on account of its age. Only if we take it as a starting-point that the dullest conceivable book of 1640 is worth 2s. 6d., the same kind of book printed in 1620 will be worth 5s., the one of 1600 10s., £1 might be obtained for one of 1580, and the corresponding prices of £2 and £4 for books of 1560 and 1540. He cannot give a similar rule of thumb for Continental or American books, but the hint is very useful. In regard to the keeping of books his advice is equally sensible:

Built libraries date from about the end of the fourteenth century. Before that time cupboards in the stone walls of cloisters housed the majority of books, and even when they were in use, in the hands of monks sitting at their cloister "carrills," or in the draughty rooms of private houses, they must have been exposed to many vicissitudes of damp and heat and cold. Hence most early bindings that have come down to us are notably substantial.

The last sentence contains the important point. Metal bindings were, to a large extent, used for large service-books in the possession of rich churches, but the ordinary leather bindings and half-bindings had to be made stout and strong, and were generally reinforced by clasps or ties. As, even after this care had been taken, they were carried in bags or satchels, it is not incredible that books like the "Lindisfarne Gospels" should have been dropped into the sea and recovered without any more serious damage than a stain near the edge. Mr. Pollard thinks that we should still insist upon strong bindings—the books should have real backs and real head-bands. The book-lover's troubles do not end when he has assured himself of this, however; many of the leathers used by the modern book-binder do not retain their colours because sulphuric acid has been used in tanning them. He dryly remarks at the end



that "the best means of keeping a book is to read it." He goes on to say:

To be held in a healthy human hand will postpone the need of furniture polish, the dust is flicked off, the damp dispelled, and every book on the shelf is the better for the slight stir caused if even a single volume is taken out and replaced. Only it must be remembered that the most forgiving book will reap but little profit from its jaunt if it be held in front of the fire, laid down on its face in order that the reader's "place" may not be lost, dog-eared with the same intent, devoured in conjunction with buttered toast, or submitted to the last and worst indignity of having its leaves turned with a wetted finger.

The functions of the book-collector are very shrewdly discussed by the essayist, who is very favourably inclined to him; and he points with pride to the number of immortal works that would have been entirely lost but for the fact that they were in many cases stored away and most carefully kept by men who

never dreamt of reading them. Herrick's "Hesperides" and "Noble Numbers" went out of favour altogether immediately after publication, and did not reappear until 1825. Surrey and Wyatt and Gower would have been lost but for the bookworms—Holinshed, Hakluyt, Raleigh, Camden, Nash, Greene, Lodge, Breton and Churchyard—these are all names that time would have obliterated if volumes had not been kept during the ages of obscurity in some quiet library, whence they emerged in recent times to make a new golden age. To follow Mr. Pollard through his advice about collecting, his lore about prices, and his very pleasant chapter on "The Child's Bookshelf" would take more space than we have at our disposal; but the reader who wishes to spend a few charming hours with one who at the same time loves his books and knows about them, cannot do better than invest in this little volume.

## SHOOTING.

### BLACK PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING ON THE CHITRAL ROAD.

**T**HIS year the Malakand movable column, which annually moves out in support of the Chitral reliefs, was encamped in the Dir country in a barren, sandy valley surrounded by high rocky hills. For two weeks we had no sport at all, and found life even more monotonous than on board ship. Then a lucky chance took me into a small nullah some four miles from camp, which turned out to be a veritable paradise. Two days we shot chikar, the Indian mountain partridge, and made good bags. The third day we beat the level, cultivated ground for black partridge, expecting only an odd bird or two. To our great surprise, we found that they were more numerous than the chikar, though scarcity of beaters prevented us from getting a large bag. This nullah was a steepish slope a mile long, running up to a village at the foot of the mountain, and narrowing from a mile in breadth at the bottom to a hundred yards or so at the village. It was all under cultivation, the fields forming an endless series of terraces varying from 4yds. to 20yds. in breadth, with a steep slope between each field and the next, where rocks and dense prickly bushes formed

an excellent covert for the partridges. The crops had all been cut, and in some places the fresh sowings had begun, so food was plentiful. We started from camp at daylight, B. and M. mounted on transport mules, who resented the early rising and afforded constant amusement by their repeated efforts to bolt back to camp. Fifty kahars from a field-hospital, with a stiffening of sepoy, formed our beaters, while a couple of Swat levy men—picturesque ruffians armed with Martinis—a necessary accessory so far beyond the frontier, completed our column. The sun

was not yet up when we reached our ground, and we were glad to dismount and start walking, for it can be really cold here at night. The black partridge is a curious bird, and very different from most of his relations. The more you hustle him the tighter he sits, until at last you cannot get him up at all. Knowing this peculiarity, we formed a line only 60yds. or so in length, with one gun at each end and one in the middle. We were walking along the terraces, and so there were only some four or five of the bushy belts between the fields in our line. Each belt had some ten men on it, and a perfect hail of stones and clods fell on every bush, while the shouting was so vehement that we could not make ourselves heard at all. One would think that no bird on earth could sit through such a bombardment; but the partridges did so continually, and the first three birds rose behind and went back.

My fingers were cold and I missed them all, and was just beginning to think that it was going to be one of my off days, when an old cock rose out of a bush in the middle of the line that had already had a few dozen clods hurled into it and, rising high in the air, came over my head at a great pace. The black partridge when once he makes up his mind to leave his bush is as fast as any of his kind, and gives, I think, more sporting shots than any other, owing to the habit he has of rocketing high up into the air when flushed. I had time to admire his black and white neck, and the general appearance of neatness he presented as the rising sun caught his feathers. Then I swung well forward and saw him collapse. I had hardly pulled when a shout warned me that another was coming. He was close behind the first, but somewhat lower, and my shot brought him down at my feet. An instant later M. got another rocketeer, and some ten more were put up in the next 20yds. They all rose singly or in pairs from under the feet of the beaters, and the majority came my way. Some slipped away back and escaped, as one could not shoot back with so many beaters. The sun began to make itself felt, and we were glad to shed our superfluous

clothing. We were passing through a rocky nullah, when an appalling outcry arose from the middle of the line, and cries of "kargosht!" (hare) resounded from all sides. Every man seemed to be suddenly possessed with a fury, and a wildly yelling mob rushed hither and thither hurling sticks, stones and whatever came handy at the unfortunate hare which had got up in their midst. It is the same here as at home; a line of beaters that no amount of birds rising near them will stir to excitement become howling lunatics at the



BLACK PARTRIDGE GROUND IN CHITRAL.

sight of a hare. The hare got through the ordeal safely, but by running forward I got a snap at it, and it was added to the bag. Shortly afterwards, however, another hare was spotted in a bush by a hawk-eyed Pathan, who, on my telling him to stir it up, hurled a huge rock at it with such a deadly aim that he broke its hind leg. The previous uproar was nothing to what then ensued. Everyone chased that hare. One of the levy sepoy tried to hit it with the butt of his rifle, and, missing it, brought his gun down on a rock with a resounding smack. Men threw themselves headlong in their eagerness to grab the beast; but it just managed to get through, and after a few hundred yards it distanced its pursuers and escaped. To shoot had, of course, been impossible. The birds were now plentiful, and in places every bush seemed to contain a bird, the only question being whether sufficient clods

were thrown in to induce him to quit it. Many escaped without being shot at, as the beaters would keep straggling and prevented our shooting. The birds gave every kind of shot, from high rocketers to low-skimming quail-like birds. The hotter the day got the harder we found it to get the birds up, until at twelve o'clock we called a halt at the village spring for tiffin and a rest. On the way there a large specimen of the deadly Russell's viper was killed by one of the kahars. At the well a small crowd of the local inhabitants soon gathered round and gazed at the sahibs. They were a murderous-looking lot, all armed with guns of some sort, mostly shot-guns and jerails, with quaintly inlaid crook-like stocks, while a few had Martinis. One and all had bandoliers slung around them. The bag was found to be thirty-six black partridges, the hare and the snake. We all drank our fill of the icy cold water from the spring, and rested in the shade till three o'clock, when a start was made again. We beat the same ground back again, to the bottom of the valley. Birds were scarce, and very few came my way, but from what did come I took a heavy toll. When we reached the foot of the nullah we had forty-seven partridges, the hare and a sisi (a tiny sand-partridge), and a goodly show they made as we spread them out and counted them. The black partridge cock is a most handsome bird, all his feathers giving vivid contrasts of black and white; while the more sober-coloured hens, which somewhat resemble the grey-hen, served as a background for the males' more brilliant plumage. We were soon off to camp, well content with our bag, as in this country it is not wise to be out after dark.

WANDRINGGUN.

#### FEW SNIPE ARRIVING.

IT is rather surprising that there are not more snipe in the country than appear to be with us now, at the moment of writing, right on towards the end of December. The writer speaks with special reference to the more Southern parts of England. We expect the snipe here, normally, about this time of year, but the conditions are not normal. On the contrary, as a consequence of the great rainfall—great, at all events, as shown by the soaked state of the soil, whatever the rain-gauge may have to say about it—the country generally seems in a very snipe-boggy condition, such as we should expect to be especially attractive to the snipe. They do not appear, however, to be attracted by it, and, perhaps, the explanation is that there has not been any severe cold in the haunts from which they come to us in their winter migration, so that, finding food in abundance where they are, they have not yet had a strong enough incentive to make them change their quarters.

#### DECREASE OF MAGPIES.

One of the egg-stealing birds that is certainly on the decrease is the magpie. At one time, in some parts of England, magpies were very numerous, and in those parts it was usually found that there were very few jays, so that some people have held the theory that the magpies drove the jays away—for the reason, we may suppose, that "two of a trade never agree." They were so far of a trade that both figured high on the game-keeper's black list, though we have heard experienced shooters and naturalists declare that they thought the jay's damage was restricted to the nests of birds smaller than those which we consider game-birds. It will take a great deal of whitewash, however, to clear thoroughly the character of the gaudy and cheeky jay. He is one of the most cunning of all his cunning race, so that he is as certainly increasing generally as the magpie is decreasing.

Yet in Cornwall the jay, too, is reported by keepers to be less common than he was, though still common enough. Parts of North Devon used to be a great stronghold of magpies, and at that time jays were very few. The magpies have very much decreased, but we do not know that this has been accompanied by a marked increase of jays. The magpie is growing so very scarce generally that it becomes a question whether he ought not to be protected locally, for fear lest he may suffer the virtual extinction which has come to his first cousin, the chough. But the whole argument goes to confirm the contention for which we were pleading lately, that a body to pronounce authoritatively what creatures we are to regard and to destroy as "vermin," in the interests of game preservation, is wanted badly.

#### A HIND'S WAY WITH TWO CALVES.

The question of the number of young that a hare has at a birth is still a disputed one, as is also the statement sometimes put forward with great confidence that she deposits her babies in different places and goes from one to the other to give them milk. It very rarely happens that the red-deer hind has more than one at a birth, but instances are reported of their having two. It is, as is very well known, the habit of the hind to leave her calf lying for several days, before allowing it to follow her. She goes to it and gives it milk from time to time. It would be interesting to know, from those who have had the opportunity of watching hinds with two calves of the same year, whether she places them together or keeps them in nurseries apart and visits them in turn. Of course, it would be no direct evidence that the mother hare does the same, but it might be looked on as an analogous case, and, at any rate, it would have an interest of its own.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### WHY THE FOX KILLS MORE THAN IT CAN EAT.

SIR,—I have read with much interest an account in your shooting notes of stoats, and a statement that, like the fox, the habit of the stoat is to kill many more victims than he can eat at one time, or even within any reasonable space of time. The fox will sometimes bury a few of its victims, no doubt, with a view to exhuming and eating them later, just as a dog will deal with a bone; but he only accounts in this way for a very small percentage of the numbers which he will slay, in apparent wantonness, when he gets into a poultry-yard or a pheasantry. Now Nature generally has a reason for the instinct implanted in any animal—in other words, an instinct which is of no apparent use generally seems to have been evolved from circumstances which gave it a value. A naturalist friend of mine has suggested to me an ingenious explanation of this apparently useless act of destruction on the part of the fox. The fox has no doubt survived since the glacial period. In the glacial period every slain victim would have kept good for food, in a frozen state, for a very long while; and if we may imagine the habit of killing all he could lay his jaws on to have been evolved in glacial surroundings, we see at once how the instinct might be formed. Instances of the survival of an instinct, which was valuable when formed, into conditions in which it is of no value are too numerous to need mention. The dog turning round and round on the hearthrug before lying down is evincing a habit formed by its forefathers, who thus disposed into a comfortable bed the grass in which they lived in a wild state. One might multiply cases indefinitely. Our fox has, of course, many Arctic cousins even now. The interesting point about the similar habit of the stoat is that the stoat shows clear signs of an Arctic origin in the readiness with which it changes the colour of its coat to white in the colder parts even of our own island. There is, of course, no proof of the correctness of my friend's theory, but it is, I venture to say, both probable and interesting.—EAST SUSSEX.

[FURTHER NOTES ON SHOOTING WILL BE FOUND ON OUR LATER PAGES.]

## ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

#### BRAID'S "GOLF FOR LADIES."

VERY manly golfer, of name not unknown to fame, James Braid, is contributing to the *Ladies' Field* a series of articles on "Golf for Ladies" which ought not to be missed. There are plenty of good hints in them which may be studied with interest and profit by many even of the sex which courtesy does not require us to call "fair." I notice that Braid especially advises ladies to eschew the so-called "interlocking grip," his reason being that for proper use of this grip, which one or two of the finest players seem to find so very serviceable, very strong fingers are required, and this, as Braid says, is a gift denied to the more delicately-handed ladies. But we see a great many of the heavy-handed also labouring severely for heroic achievement with this grip, which nine men out of ten find a great restraint to the freedom of their swing. After all, we never know, and never shall, how well the brave men who use it and triumph with it would have played if they had adopted the kind of grip which comes so much more naturally to the normal human hand, and my own humble opinion is that their pious imitation has caused more tribulation in the golfing world than any other of the many examples and counsels of perfection which have been offered it.

#### THE GRIP.

Another hint in the same connection, which is given by Braid, appears to me as if it might be taken to many a manly as well as womanly heart. This is that the majority of ladies grip the club with the left hand too much under and the right hand too much over. Various and curious nostrums have been in vogue at one time or another regarding the grip, as on other points of the game, and one which held the market for a long while, and is often proffered still, is that the right hand should be held very much over. I think I am right in saying that it is a counsel which Willie Park is fond of imparting. But it is hard to see the good reason for its

adoption, except that Park, who thus grips them, is a very fine golfer. But then Mr. John Ball, who is not a very bad golfer, grips with his right hand very far under indeed; so if it comes to *argumentum ad hominem*, we can play a Ball to a Park and end all square. Surely the grip for a man, and a woman, too, is the grip which is most natural and comfortable to the individual player. It is one of Braid's great merits in these counsels, which there is no space to follow further here, that he does not say "Do as I do," but "Do as I tell you." He is a reasonable teacher, and that is much.

#### TAYLOR AT BIARRITZ.

It does not seem—it is not, at least, in any of the records that I have seen—that Taylor played Gassiat a match while he was in the Basses Pyrenees. This is a pity. Gassiat will be remembered as the Frenchman who put the finishing stroke on Massy's revenge for Waterloo by coming in second only to Massy for the French open championship at La Boulie, ahead of all our Britons—Vardon, Braid and the rest. Taylor—who had only just been beaten by Massy in our championship at Hoylake—was the one wise Briton who stayed at home, so Gassiat did not have him in the field behind him. Then Taylor beat Massy when those two met at Skegness; so Taylor is the one man of whom the Frenchman has not got the better, setting aside the match just played at Deal. He might have given Gassiat a gentle hammering for us at Biarritz, just to gratify our patriotic sentiment. But supposing—even as a bare possibility—that it had been Gassiat who did the hammering! No doubt Taylor is a wise man. In any case, he and A. Grant played and won a four-ball match against Gassiat and D. Grant, which is always something. All the men seem to have played well in this match, but first honours went to the Grant who was Taylor's partner. He did a very fine score of 69, Taylor and D. Grant being 74 and the Frenchman 76. However, all these scores were beaten by Taylor himself with a 67 in the afternoon. Massy had done even lower scores than this in private matches, though not in a competition.



## ST. JEAN DE LUZ.

Grant, the younger, did very well against Taylor in a match at St. Jean de Luz, losing only by a single hole, after being four down. This, as I understand, was on the old St. Jean de Luz course—in fact, the only course. Taylor's main business in going out there was, I believe, to lay out a new course for a French syndicate near the town. It was rather badly wanted, for the present course is of nine holes only, and with rather the character of Down golf. Biarritz has grown so smart of late years, as well as so crowded, that a great many Britons much prefer the quieter St. Jean de Luz, but they have always wanted something a little better in the way of a golf green. It appears now that they are to have it. Of course, although Taylor and the Prime Minister have been there, the really fashionable season at Biarritz has not yet come. This is said as a Briton and a golfer. The Spaniard and the Russian make a fashionable season there at quite another time—in the high summer, which would scorch a Scot. But these unfortunate foreigners do not play golf.

## THE FRENCH AMATEUR GOLFER.

It is a mistake to think, as some possibly do, that all the good French golf is restricted to the professionals. It is interesting, by the by, to see how differently the thing works itself out in different countries in this respect. In the United States they have produced some brilliant amateurs, as we have found to our pain; but they cannot win even their native open championship with one of their home-grown professionals, although their amateurs come over here and take back our amateur champion cup with them. In Ireland they never seem able to raise up a golfing man quite able to hold his own with some of those whom we can send over to the hospitalities of the Irish open championship (of the amateurs). On the other hand, the Irish golfing ladies seem stronger than any of the others, with Miss Rhona Adair, several Misses Hezlet and so on. They can not only hold their Irish own, but also take away something of England's. It might make a difference if only Miss Elsie Grant-Suttie went in for the ladies' championship. But she does not. To come back to the French question. The Gallic professional has had more to say on golf than the Gallic amateur hitherto. Whether that is to last one cannot tell. They have a very good one coming on at La Boulie, namely, young M. de Bellet. M. de Bellet had very bad luck this autumn when he came to Scotland, proposing to make a tour of some of the chief links. At St. Andrews, on his first day's play, after accomplishing nine holes, he put something out of place, snapped a small tendon, or tore a small muscle away from its attachment—at any rate, injured his arm so badly that he was not able to play another stroke in the country, and had to support his arm in a sling. However, he is said to be all right again now, and Massy has given a very good account of him as a golfer. Massy knows, so we may expect something; and no doubt there are others of whom we do not hear.

H. G. H.

## A CHAMPIONSHIP GREEN FOR IRELAND.

It would seem likely that the addition of Deal to the championship courses will give a renewed flip to the agitation in Ireland to have one of its courses added in time to the rota. In the past the Irish golfers have tried to get their claims heard, but with no great or satisfactory measure of success. If the subject is looked at squarely it will be admitted, even by those who favour a wider choice of greens than the present six, that there is one great obstacle to be overcome. It is the barrier of St. George's Channel. Golf of the best quality and a Channel passage even in fine and calm weather do not blend harmoniously; and there is a natural reluctance to take a sea trip unless under the impulse of crying necessity. On the other hand, there is cogency in the claim of Ireland that this prejudice to the crossing of the Channel should be abandoned, inasmuch as their present open championship is yearly visited by large numbers of English and Scottish players in the autumn who rather like the change of scene and the travel. Crossing the sea does not worsen their play, even if it threatens to make them ill. Their main claim to recognition, however, is that in Do'lymount, Portmarnock, Newcastle and Portrush they have genuine championship courses, and, above all, that they want to raise the level of their playing form by a higher incentive than now exists. Ireland, therefore, is going to keep on knocking at the door of St. Andrews.

## THE HOPES OF LUFFNESS.

There are few golfers to-day who do not cherish a bright corner in the memory for the splendid golf they have enjoyed at Luffness. The links are laid out on the estate of Mr. Henry Hope of Luffness House, a battlemented mansion of the sixteenth century which looks across the Firth of Forth into Fife. A few days ago this part of East Lothian celebrated the coming of age of Mr. George Hope, the only son of Mr. H. W. Hope and Lady Mary Hope, the sister of Lord Rosebery. The principal gathering in honour of the event took place at Haddington, where portraits of the father and mother, painted by Mr. Coutts Michie, A.R.S.A., were presented to young Mr. Hope. Among the guests who gathered at the presentation ceremony were Mr. Balfour, Lord Rosebery, Sir David Baird, Mrs. Fletcher of Saltoun, Mr. J. D. Hope, M.P., and the Rev. John Kerr. Mr. Balfour presided over the ceremony and made the presentation of the portraits, and Lord Rosebery, at the

luncheon which followed, proposed the health of his nephew, expressing the hope that the young heir would show the same affection as his father had done to that part of Scotland to which by birth he had been called and to those duties which attached to the position of a Scottish landlord.

## THE LINKS AT LUFFNESS.

Though the course of the New Luffness Club is one of the finest on the eastern seaboard of this part of Scotland, there must be a great many golfers scattered up and down the world who look back with tender memories on the great pleasure received from their rounds on the old course, now abandoned. The history of the Old Luffness Club went back to 1867, and a very flourishing club drawn from golfers in Edinburgh and the surrounding districts in East Lothian played here until 1894. Then the Old Luffness Club, unable to arrange terms with Mr. Hope, went across to Aberlady Bay to Kilspindie, on the property of Lord Wemyss. The making of the second course at Gullane destroyed the golfing pleasantness of Old Luffness, for a few of the outmost holes were really on the property of Mrs. Hamilton Ogilvy. When these had to be given up, the eyes of Mr. Hope and golfers generally were turned to the piece of wild ground which is now the fine New Luffness course. In the company of Mr. Hope, Old Tom Morris, the Rev. Mr. Kerr and Mr. J. P. Croal I was among those who played the opening foursome round of New Luffness in a downpour of rain. I remember asking Old Tom whether he had ever played golf in worse weather, and his reply was "Ou, aye, a' hantle waur than this." We were all soaked to the skin! Mr. Hope, who plays the game really well, has done a great deal to develop and popularise golf throughout East Lothian and Scotland generally.

## MR. CHARLES ANDERSON OF FETTYKIL.

A well-known Scottish golfer died a few days ago in the person of Mr. Charles Anderson of Fettykil in Fifeshire, at the age of 75. He was a schoolboy at St. Andrews when Allan Robertson was at the height of his fame as a player, and he remembered perfectly well the experiments that were made when the gutta ball was first introduced to the notice of players. Mr. Anderson, who was one of the crack players of his day, joined the Royal and Ancient in 1866, and he was also a member of the Honourable Company, the Royal Liverpool, Westward Ho! Royal Perth Golfing Society, and the Aberdeen and Elie Clubs. He won the King William IV. gold medal in 1868 and 1879, the Club gold medal in 1878, the Bombay medal in 1868 and 1878, and the Silver Cross in 1880. His record as a medal winner is: Six medals at St. Andrews, twenty-eight medals at Innerleven, one medal at Westward Ho! two medals at Hoylake, three medals at Aberdeen, twenty-two medals at Perth and six medals at Elie. He was also a fine curler, diver and swimmer. As a prominent citizen he filled every public office in the parish of Leslie, and was for many years Provost of the burgh.

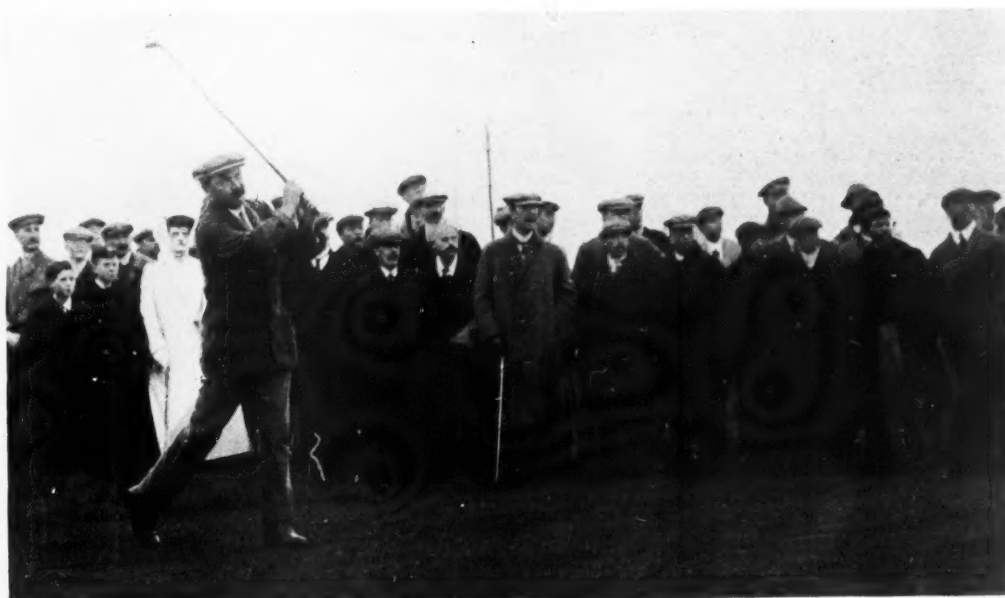
## MR. ASQUITH AND ARCHERFIELD.

A correspondent informs us that the arrangement of the winter tenancy at Archerfield in East Lothian is this. The summer tenancy will be held, as in many preceding years, by Mr. James Law; but the winter shooting and Archerfield House are rented by Mr. Frank Tennant, the brother-in-law of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. As Mr. Tennant has a house of his own at North Berwick, which is quite convenient for the shooting, Archerfield House was sub-let this winter, first to Mr. Herbert Gladstone, M.P., and then to Mr. Asquith, who is at present there. It is expected that Mr. Asquith will be at Archerfield for shooting and golf next winter.

A. J. R.

## MASSY AND BRAID AT DEAL.

THE most interesting match between Arnaud Massy, the open champion, and James Braid of Walton Heath, which was played at Deal on Thursday, ended in an unexpected victory for the French player by two holes up and one to play. It was a magnificent struggle from start to finish between two well-matched players, and Massy has undoubtedly earned the unstinted credit which he is now receiving for having converted what seemed at one stage of the match to be certain defeat into a remarkably brilliant



MASSY, THE WINNER, AT THE TURN.

victory. Though the match between these well-known professionals did not savour in the least of a challenge on the one side or the other for personal supremacy, a widespread amount of golfing interest had been evoked as to the result of the first really serious encounter between these players since the Frenchman wrested the open championship from Braid earlier in the year. It was, therefore, a happy thought on the part of some Deal golfers to subscribe a purse to be competed for by these players, and thus to give the general body of golfers an opportunity of seeing whether Massy's play was really characterised by the brilliancy and finish which secured him the open championship when pitted in the grim contest of individual play against one of the most renowned and stubborn match players that the game has produced. The Deal match has settled once and for all any doubts that may have existed as to the inherent soundness of Massy's game. The pluck and the resource which he showed throughout his match on Thursday have unquestionably proved that he is compounded of the really good material out of which great golfers are made.

In the private practice matches that took place in the earlier days of the week both Braid and Massy appeared to be very much on a level in respect of the steadiness of their individual scoring. If anything, Braid seemed to have the advantage, for in the matches in which he had played either as partner with or opponent of several brilliant amateurs and some of the professionals who had assembled to see the principal match, Braid justified the confident hopes that were reposed in him by the consistent brilliancy of his play. His long game off the tee and through the green was especially admired. At the sixth hole, for example, a distance of 280yds., Braid drove within 2yds. of the flag, just missing the hole for two. His scoring rounds also could scarcely be improved, for in the afternoon of the day before the match with Massy was played, Braid went round in the fine score of 75—37 out and 38 home. These indications of the high quality of Braid's general game inspired the greatest confidence among all those who gathered to see the play that Braid would have no difficulty in asserting his superiority. This, at any rate, seemed to be the prevailing feeling of the large golfing crowd that had assembled at Deal from far and near to witness the play. In that crowd there were many well-known golfers, including Lady Margaret Hamilton-Russell (better known, perhaps, to golfers as

Lady Margaret Scott), the winner, thrice, of the ladies' championship; Ben Sayers, the brothers Vardon, Jack White and Tingey. The course was in splendid order, and all the arrangements made for the smooth playing of the match and the comfort of the spectators were in all respects satisfactory and praiseworthy.

Without entering into a detailed examination of the play between Braid and Massy, it will be sufficient to indicate in brief

outline one or two of the leading features. In the first round there can be no doubt that Braid played by far the more dashing and brilliant game. It is questionable whether he has ever driven longer balls off the tee, and his line was always as good as his distance. He drove the third hole, for example, in two magnificent shots, laying his second shot a foot from the hole and holing out in a magnificent three. The distance between the tee and the flag on Thursday was 465yds. Indeed, for three-fourths of the morning round Braid completely outplayed the Frenchman. He was three holes up at the fifth, and Massy was only enabled to score his first win at the sixth hole by getting down a long putt in three. Braid went out the first nine holes in 36, and turned for home with three holes to

the good, Massy having taken 40 strokes. At the eleventh, Braid increased his lead to four up—a sufficient margin with such a player as naturally to inspire confidence that the match now was almost as good as won. But from this point until the close the game took a complete and wholly unexpected aspect. The leader, though driving very finely, sliced and pulled just a trifle more than he ought to have done, considering the strength of the south-west wind, while he developed an occasional weakness on the putting greens. Massy, on the other hand, who had obviously been playing under the strain of excitement and a nervous desire to do himself and his reputation justice, seemed in the last half-dozen holes of the morning round to secure mental and moral mastery of himself. Taking advantage here and there of Braid's occasional slips, and playing his approach shots with dash and unfailing accuracy, he gradually reduced Braid's lead of four holes and was able to start the second round after the luncheon interval with a deficit of one hole only. When the second round was entered upon Massy made the match all square by a sensational three at the first hole, due to a long putt of 20yds. From that point onwards there were occasional ups and downs, but it was evident to all beholders that Massy was playing a much more consolidated and resourceful game than



THREE OFFICIALS.



BRAID PUTTING ON THE SEVENTEENTH GREEN.



he had done in the morning. The outstanding feature of the Frenchman's play was his brilliant pitching up to the hole, and also the consistent accuracy of his putting. He also let himself go with a charming abandonment off the tee. At the third hole, where Braid shone so conspicuously in his driving in the morning, Massy in the afternoon turned the tables on Braid by outdriving him by 10 yds. Braid made great efforts to keep the match all square with his opponent in the afternoon, and succeeded until the fifth hole was reached. But here Massy asserted his right to the lead, and Braid never again got level with him. At the fifteenth hole Massy was dormy, and the end of a splendid match came with a half at the seventeenth. An interesting feature of the day's play

was the four stymies that were laid. Both players showed themselves masters of the difficult and delicate stroke necessary in the situation. At the "Sandy Parlour," in the morning, Massy sliced his ball into the face of the fifth teeing ground. A splendid recovery was obstructed by a dead stymie. Massy's ball was 2 yds. behind Braid's, which was lying 1½ ft. from the hole in a straight line; but Massy screwed round the opposing ball and secured a brilliant half in three. This match and its result will assuredly lend additional interest to the playing tour which Massy and Sayers intend to make in May throughout Scotland, and it will undoubtedly make the open championship more an open event than it has been of recent years.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE WISDOM OF THE WISE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Does it not savour of correcting the Creator to have the snake's food killed after man's fashion? "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" Can the Christians who presumably believe in Him dare to pose as more tender, more kind? I cannot but think that the snakes do their own butchering best, and, therefore, probably painlessly. Do the sensitive people who want it done for them not eat their oysters freshly opened, and, therefore, still alive? There is far more cruelty going on now on turkey farms than ever went on in any snakes' house.—O. L.

### GREEN LIZARDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I had four green lizards given to me lately and I do not know much about them. Perhaps some of the readers of COUNTRY LIFE can give me some information regarding them. Do they hibernate all winter? The last one I had died.—M. B.

[Green lizards are kept much in the same way as snakes and will live peaceably together. Their food consists chiefly of small worms, woodlice or blackbeetles and mealworms. They hibernate in their own country, where they are buried in snow all the winter, but not in England when kept in cages. However, if put in a shed or outhouse, which is cold, but protected from actual frost, and placed in soft hay or moss they will probably survive the winter.—ED.]

### OLD-TIME FEASTING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your recent article and correspondence on the subject of old-time feasts and of the implements used thereat have been very interesting, and your readers may like to be reminded of how comparatively late in our history the absence of cheap crockery kept the wooden trencher in use. In the eighteenth century, silver in the dining-room and pewter below stairs were abundant for all dinner-table use in large and wealthy households. But that the number of metal plates and dishes was insufficient to meet the requirements of extraordinary occasions is seen in a description of a dinner given by Lord Malton to his tenants in 1733. Watson Wentworth, Lord Malton, was father to the Marquess of Rockingham, who was Prime Minister to George III. He had inherited Wentworth Woodhouse and other estates of the great Earl of Strafford, and it is at Woodhouse that the feast takes place of which we hear that "tis an out of the way thing, the people are to dine upon wooden dishes; they cutt down wood on purpose to make them of." One of the company describes the affair in a letter to the Lord Strafford of the time, Lord Malton's neighbour at Wentworth Castle. "There was in the prayer hall six tables made of deals with benches, such as in the tents at Boughton fair. Att four of them there might be about 32 people, the other two something above half the number, the tables being less. I looked upon itt that the bulk of the men satt there in that hall. Our dishes stood single, the table allowing no more; first dish, roast porke; 2nd, turkey; 3rd, venison pasty; 4th, cold beefe, roast; 5th, fruit pudding; 6th, a goose; 7th, aple pye; 8th, a hogg's head in souce; so then the course began again, and kept in this forme to every table. We eate upon trenchers and wood dishes, and drunk in horns; my Lord did the same. The horns held near pints and the punch was made strong, and the common people drunk full horns just after dinner that 2 or 3 horns would make them drunk or sick." It is noticeable that ale was drunk at my Lord's table, but as he was reputed not to keep "my great stock of malt drink," punch was served at all other tables as being "the cheapest liquor to make a treat of." "A treat" meant taking too much, and this was so successfully accomplished that "there was one man found dead, supposed to be choaked with punch." A horribly Hogarthian scene certainly!—T.

### HEREDITARY ANTIPATHY IN ANIMALS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The letter of "Physiologist" on this subject, which appeared in your issue of November 30th, is very interesting, and perhaps opens up a wider field for speculation and research than can be entered upon by the mere lay student of animal lore. I beg leave, however, to adduce an instance of seeming "hereditary antipathy" similar to that of "Physiologist." My household is of the ordinary "one-dog" description, and some years ago, after the death of an old and valued retriever, we became possessed of a young short-haired collie, who soon gave promise (since amply fulfilled) of being a houseguard of the trustworthy and discriminating kind, traits not always conspicuous in his variety. In his youth—as now in his more than middle age—his outdoor warnings were of the most matter-of-form description, more strenuous, of course, when he was chained than when at liberty; but even in the latter case he has never been known to attack. Only indoors, after lamp-light, does he show ferocity, or, rather, feign it. At such time the sound of step or latch outside rouses Sandy to deep growlings and furious bayings, no doubt intimidating to the suspicious loiterer; but absolutely fictitious, for once over the threshold

friend of longest standing and acquaintance of the moment are alike received with the most hospitable tail-wagging. On a certain occasion, therefore, I was surprised to hear Sandy outside the house baying at somebody or something very furiously, and with a note in his bark that was quite new to me. As I hold the strongest views against the annoyance by dog demonstrations of anyone seeking approach, I hurried outside, to find no visitor of any description in sight, but to see Sandy running backwards and forwards on the top of a bank which goes along the side of the house. His eyes were staring, his "hackles" up, his tail depressed, and he sniffed and stared continually in one direction, apparently at nothing. Utterly at a loss to account for such unwonted proceedings, I induced him to come to me on the walk at the base of the bank; but he still kept up his hostile demonstrations, which, I now found, were directed towards one point—a clump of trees and shrubs on the boundary between my neighbour's garden and my own. Encouraged by various adjurations of the "Get on, then!" "Seek 'em out, lad!" type, the dog advanced warily with much growling and hair-raising. I kept with him, rather feeling as if I ought to have a weapon of some sort. A peep through the branches, however, dispelled the mystery at once. My neighbour's son, only a few days returned from South Africa, had hung out several of his trophies of the chase, consisting of various skins, on the family clothes-line, to have the benefit of the air and sunshine. Shortly after this incident some correspondence took place in a weekly which I then took as to unaccountable signs of fear and anger displayed by domestic animals, especially dogs, so I then related the above story. Another correspondent suggested, very reasonably, that the scent of a travelling menagerie borne on the wind from a distance might account for some such demonstrations. "Why do your dogs bark so? Be there bears in the town?" says Slender, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." At that period, of course, many of the "dogs of the town" would be accustomed to having interesting interviews with poor Bruin, and even those who had not would know all about it. I have seen a chained setter tremendously excited by the sight of a dancing bear, but why a dog who had never seen a wild beast in his life should behave as Sandy did is a mystery akin to the action of "Physiologist's" turkeys. By the way, are turkeys and tigers co-existent in any part of the world? If the birds had been peacocks the idea would be more "understandable."—J. B. W.

### FLOWERS IN DECEMBER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think it may interest those who, like the Poet Laureate, love their gardens, to hear that on the 15th inst. I gathered from my garden, in the neighbourhood of Faversham, the following twenty-three varieties of flowers: Crocus, marguerite, mignonette, campanula, eschallonia, pyrus japonica, jasminum nudiflorum, antirrhinum, violet, mallow, nicotine, montbretia, St. John's wort, coreopsis, gaillardia, pansy, pyrethrum, centaurea, chrysanthemum, roses, polyanthus, ceanothus (Gloire de Versailles) and laurustinus.—THE GARDEN THAT I LOVE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I do not know if it is worth chronicling, but we are gathering roses still and cutting polyanthus.—Mrs. FANNY KEMP.

### APPARENT STUPIDITY OF OWL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Presumably it is because of its solemn face that the owl has been given the post of the bird of wisdom. Certainly any reputation for wisdom was not borne out by the behaviour of an owl which twice visited the house of one of my friends. Its first arrival was notified by two terrified maid servants who, in opening the door of an occupied room, had been startled to find it tenanted by some nameless, flapping horror. From their incoherent statement it seemed probable, though they did not confess to it in so many words, that they were doubtful (they were Scotch servants) whether it was was not an apparition of the Evil One. When my friend went to the room he soon recognised the real nature of the apparition, as well as its mode of entry, writ large in sooty marks upon the ceiling, against which it had been been flapping. It had come down the chimney. After infinite trouble he caught the owl, and let it go out of the window, but not until it had given his releasing hand a fierce dig with its ungrateful beak. Will it be believed that the very next night the bird, though it had evidently not enjoyed its former visit, came down the chimney and into the room again? And this time, as ceilings could not be cleaned perpetually, the owl paid the penalty of an ingratitude and stupidity not at all in keeping with its classic character of the bird of wisdom.—H.

### YOUNG BATS AND ELECTRIC BELL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may interest some of your readers to hear of our recent experience with the electric bell which rings on our back verandah, or "stoep," as we say here. One day this bell would not ring, so after using the usual

means of setting it right, but without success, I got up on a chair to remove the little wooden case which encloses the two reels of silk-covered wire. Imagine my astonishment at finding two baby bats inside it! They looked about the size of walnuts, but, having long silky fur, probably appeared larger than they really were. I regretted afterwards that I had not weighed them before setting them at liberty in the garden, where I hope the mother discovered them. They could not have been long in the box, as that was the first day on which the bell would not ring. The box, which is  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. square (inside measurement), fits closely to the wall, and the hole through which the hammer of the bell comes is only  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. by  $\frac{1}{4}$  in.; so how the mother bat could place them there, or feed them afterwards, remain a mystery.—LEONORA DULCKEN, Grahamstown, C.C.

#### BLIND-MAN'S BUFF IN MANY LANDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Now that Christmas is upon us, and that all right-minded people will be eating plum pudding and playing blind-man's buff—or, perhaps, will be seeing pictures in the Christmas fire of games of blind-man's buff played sixty years ago—the question asks itself: Why should this game of all others belong to the Old English Christmas? Perhaps the classic example of the Christmas "blind-man" is that of Mr. Pickwick, in the kitchen of Dingley Dell Farm, where old Wardle and his family, his guests, his servants and even the farm hands gathered on Christmas Eve, as "observed by old Wardle's forefathers from time immemorial." It will be remembered how, the mistletoe having been duly hung from the ceiling, Mr. Pickwick, having with great ceremony saluted old Mr. Wardle beneath the mystic bough, remained standing beneath it, contemplating the scene; and how then "the young lady with the black eyes," darting forward and putting her arm round Mr. Pickwick's neck, kissed him affectionately on the left cheek; and how, before that great man "distinctly knew what was the matter, he was surrounded by the whole body and kissed by every one of them." We have no difficulty whatever in believing that, as Mr. Pickwick's biographer tells us: "It was a pleasant thing to see Mr. Pickwick in the centre of the group, now pulled this way, and then that,



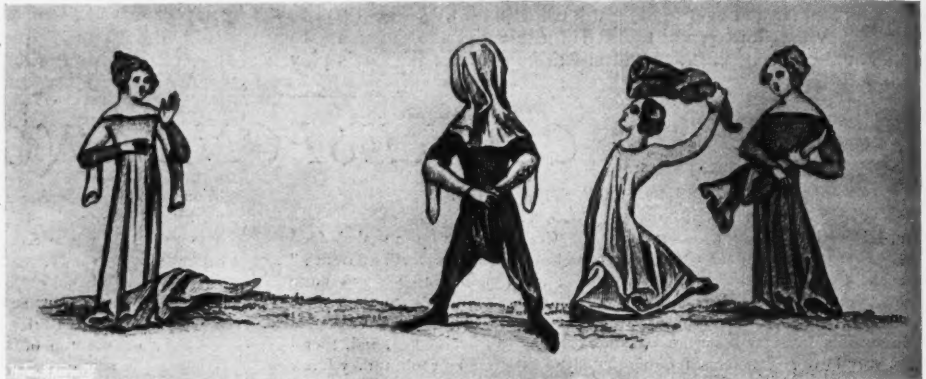
and first kissed on the chin, and then on the nose, and then on the spectacles; and to hear the peals of laughter which were raised on every side; but it was a still more pleasant thing to see Mr. Pickwick, blinded shortly afterwards with a silk handkerchief, falling up against the wall and scrambling into corners, and going through all the mysteries of blind-man's buff, with the utmost relish for the game, until at last he caught one of the poor

relations, and then had to evade the blind-man himself, which he did with a nimbleness and agility that elicited the admiration and applause of all beholders." With which vision of Mr. Pickwick in spectacles, but *without* gaiters (we leave it to all good Pickwickians to recall the full meaning of those italics), keeping up the Old English Christmas blindfolded, in the kitchen at Dingley Dell, we may leave the age of coat tails and speckled silk stockings, to find our next blind-man in Gay's charming verses, verses written in the days of Beau Brocade:

"As once I play'd at *blindman's-buff*, it hap't,  
About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt.  
I miss'd the swains, and seiz'd on Blouzelind.  
True speaks that ancient proverb, 'Love is blind.'"

Passing over another hundred years, the old game suddenly emerges into history, for it is recorded of the great Gustavus Adolphus that at the very time when he was proving himself the scourge of the House of Austria, and when in the midst of his triumphs, he would amuse himself with playing blind-man's buff with his colonels. "Cela passoit pour une galanterie admirable," says an old author. Gustavus brings us to the seventeenth century, but our own Henry VIII. is reputed inadvertently to have caused great popularity for the game by his treatment of Wolsey. The authority is a "pleasant writer" in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1738, and the passage is worth quotation in full: "*Blindman buff* was a ridicule upon Henry VIII.

and Wolsey; where the cardinal minister was bewildering his master with treaty upon treaty with several princes, leaving him to catch whom he could, till at last he caught his minister, and gave him up to be buffeted." Here is one meaning for the present mysterious syllable "buff"; the blind-man's "catch" was obviously originally well buffeted, as the penalty for his stupidity in being caught. That Henry VIII. and his politics did not create the game appears from the delightful fourteenth century pictures of the game here reproduced. The original representations are in a MS. in the Bodleian



Library at Oxford. The game then bore the name of Hoodman Blind, and it is clear that the players used the hoods of the period both as a means for blinding the "blind-man," and also as knotted instruments with which to buffet him or her. The illumination showing the ladies of the period playing "Hoodman blind" is particularly charming, with the vigorous figure of the blind-man, with kilted up skirt, ready for action. It is interesting to note that in the old comedy called "Two Angry Women of Abington" the game is called the "Christmas-sport of Hobman Blind." A pedigree of 700 years seems a quite respectable record for a Christmas game; but that is but a mere fraction of the "life-history" of blind-man's buff. The ancient author Verelius supposes that the Ostrogoths introduced the game into Italy, where it is called *giuoco della cieca*, or the play of the blind. We know that it was in use among the Romans; and it was, says Dr. Jamieson, not unknown to the Greeks. They called it *kollabismos* from *koliabizo* (impingo). It is thus defined: "Ludi genus, quo hic quidem manibus expansis oculos suos tegit, ille vero postquam percussit, querit tum verberari; Pollux . . ." In Iceland the game was known as *kveikis-blinda*, and one illustration shows that Mr. Pickwick has his Korean analogue. For here, drawn by the pen and brush of a native Korean artist, we may see Korean boys and girls playing what we fondly think of as our own supremely English game of blind-man's buff.—G. M. G.

#### A BIBLE SUNDIAL.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph is of the old Bible sundial in the paved garden at Blackmore House in Essex. The inscriptions on it read as follows: On the first page, "While by Faith my shadow falls"; on the west side of gnomon, "Be carefull of tomorrow. Watch and Pray Ye"; on the east side, "Time Flies faster than the fast wind"; on the last page, "Have thoughts of piety As well as mirth."—P.





